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REVIEWS

Le Livre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. I. Paris, 1831. L'Advocat.

THE readers of the *Athenæum* have been, week after week, gratified with translated extracts from the interesting 'Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes,' now only announced for publication: and here is the first volume of the celebrated 'One Hundred-and-One,' yet wet from the Paris printers. With all the oppressive drudgery of establishing a paper to cripple us, we have never been behind others in our notice of interesting works: and now that we have had time to marshal our resources, and that increasing patronage enables us to venture fearlessly, we trust to anticipate those with whom we have hitherto run a neck-and-neck race; we hope to have no bad season to complain of hereafter, for we shall reap our harvest here or elsewhere as the summer may have been genial; and if our friends at Paris find little that promises entertainment, others, across the Atlantic, will, we trust, be more successful. The public may rest assured, that literature is not monopolized by one or two publishers, whatever they may have been led to believe, and here is the first volume of 'Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.'

Are the publishers of Paris more worthy of regard than those of London? or has France produced a race of authors more generous than Great Britain can boast? Have both these causes combined, or is neither a well-founded conjecture? We know not; but we do know, that if all the publishers in London stood in the same predicament as M. L'Advocat, the popularity of the collective body—beginning with the magnates of Albemarle and Burlington Streets, and ending with the respectable manufacturers of ballads on Ratcliffe Highway—would not assemble one hundred and one *littérateurs* to supply articles to a work destined to extricate them from their difficulties. The literary world in England has long ceased to be a Republic of letters: it pays as little regard to "liberty, equality, and the rights of man," as did the Jacobin Club during the Reign of Terror. It is divided and subdivided into more dynasties, sects, and parties, than were formed by the workmen of Babel. The old aristocracy of talent, which once held predominant sway, has been driven from its vantage ground, and its place is supplied, here, by that of rank, there by that of birth, and in most by that of accident. The constitution of the literary estate is more anomalous and corrupt than that of the Irish House of Commons after it had been deformed by the first James. All the members of its parliament sit for rotten boroughs, and, except in those rare instances where the proprietors return themselves, are found to speak the opinions of their patrons. "A mad world, my masters!"

Nor can we see any great chance of an immediate reform. Wherefore, omitting all further consideration of the hopeless estate of England's chaotic literature, let us "take the goods the gods provide us," and enjoy the first *livraison* of the novel work produced by our lively neighbours.

It is known to all the world, or at least it ought to be, that M. L'Advocat—a very worthy man, notwithstanding his book-making fancies, and deserving of respect for his liberality to literary men—having become involved in pecuniary difficulties, his literary friends—comprising almost every distinguished author in Paris—came forward and offered their gratuitous aid towards his extrication. The means proposed were, the formation of a book describing the present state of Parisian society: each chapter of which should be written by a different individual, without any communication of his particular views to his fellow-labourers, except so far as was necessary to prevent several from choosing the same subject.

Although the names subscribed to the bond of association may be supposed to represent every shade and variety of opinion which half a dozen revolutions could produce in a very excitable nation—from the lover of antiquity, who would have everything as stationary as the polar star, to the wildest enthusiast after novelty, who, in his zeal for "the movement," deems the motions of the comets not sufficiently erratic—it will be found that three-fourths of the writers are favourable to liberal government and popular institutions.

English works, the result of similar associations, have been said, with some truth, to form an admirable commentary upon those lines of Gray,

The child, whom many fathers share,
Has seldom known a father's care;

and, if asked whether the French have been more successful, we must reply, that the papers which form this first volume are decidedly inferior to other productions of the writers; and yet all the papers are reasonably good, and some of them excellent. We should, perhaps, exempt 'Le Jardin des Plantes,' by Barthélemy and Méry, from the charge of comparative inferiority. But they always write in conjunction. Together they have exposed abuse and corruption, and together they have suffered persecution and imprisonment. Barthélemy was a poet from his infancy, and finds it much more easy to express himself in verse than in prose. On his trial for publishing 'Le Fils de l'Homme,' the speech he made in his defence—and an admirable speech it was—was in verse, and adorned with a high order of poetical imagery.

The 'Address to Chateaubriand,' by the elegant *chansonnier* Beranger, is already known to the public, and considered inferior

to those beautiful poems, so varied and yet so numerous, which the author modestly calls songs, but which may be placed in the highest rank of lyric poetry. Perhaps Beranger's muse felt no little difficulty in addressing a man who, whatever may be his literary reputation—and that is deservedly high—is, in his public life, contemptible. The courtier of despotism under Bonaparte became a minister *sous le regime de la charte*, which he interpreted in favour of absolute monarchy—in 1822, raised the standard against the liberties of the Spanish people—nor could discover that *constitutional monarchy* was the best form of government, until he was dismissed from office, and found himself, *malgré lui*, in the opposition. We can easily pardon, in Beranger's muse, so devotedly patriotic, a want of sympathetic excitement when eulogizing such a man, who, after a life of weakness and tergiversation, would fain end his career by the most useless, not to say contemptible, species of political martyrdom, for which, in his beautifully written answer to Beranger, he assigns no plausible reason.

The other names attached to this first volume are Janin, Roch, Bazin, Drouineau, Nodier, Jal, Chasles, Jacob, Jouy (called the French Addison), Paul de Kock, Léon Gozlan, Henri Monnier, the Duchess of Abrantes, and Salvandy—all distinguished as prose writers, and the majority, authors of some of the best works of imagination which adorn the literature of France.

The first article of the 'Livre des Cent-et-Un,' is from the pen of Janin. It is an original and playful essay, entitled 'Asmodeus,' and is a good specimen of the author's style, although perhaps inferior to his other works. Janin is a young author of high attainments. He has great wit, learning, and eloquence: he thinks and feels deeply; but his writings prove how far genius may sometimes be seduced and misled by the imagination. Such of our readers as are unacquainted with '*L'Ane mort et la Femme guillotinée*,' would do well to peruse that singular production: it will amply repay their labour, and at the same time exemplify what we have just observed.

As we shall have occasion to return to this Briarean volume, we think it best, on this occasion, to translate one tale rather than fractional parts of many; and shall give the 'Conciergerie,' by Chasles, an interesting and well-written paper, showing, in a true and personal anecdote, that reckless violation of individual liberty authorized by the French 'Code d'instruction criminelle,' which, from Talleyrand and Cambaceres down to Casimir Perrier, has been used as an engine to check the display of popular opinion.

The Conciergerie, an Episode in an Obscure Life.

"I was only sixteen when I first saw the Conciergerie. What a prison was it then! a

prison of the old regime—horrible, and yet poetically hideous! a pile of dungeons—a labyrinth of sombre corridors and infernal vaults! You struck your head against the beam which seemed to crush the entrance-wicket, and could with difficulty stoop low enough to pass in. In the porch, a lamp, with a red glaring flame, burned eternally. Here you could just perceive the grim countenances of the gaolers, bunches of jingling keys, and iron bars obstructing both light and air. I shall never forget it; such sights cannot fade from memory; their shadow projects over a whole life; they mould the man or crush him; develop his intelligence, or destroy it for ever. The tenderest, as well as the most bitter of my thoughts, are associated with these dark dungeons.

"Eighteen hundred and fifteen, and the Conciergerie, have left upon my mind two distinct impressions, not effaced even in 1831, when smarting under sorrows it is unnecessary here to recall or describe—under the cruel experience of an unprotected life—under regrets and disappointments which each deems his particular lot, but which are the common lot of all—under the additional weight of fifteen other solitary, agitated, and painful years.

"I desired once more to behold the dungeon in which I had spent two months. It was a craving of the mind—a returning to past times, to heart-rending losses, to those who lived in 1815, and whom I alone have survived. God knows how many tombs spring up around a man in the space of fifteen years! The grating before which my mother had wept, would bring her before me—that darkness, sole confidant of a timid but profound attachment, would rekindle, in my bosom, emotions whose source the world freezes but cannot dry up. But I was mistaken. Time, which changes man, overthrows stones. The prison of 1815 had disappeared, and in the Conciergerie of 1831 I no longer found my dungeon—I was grieved and disappointed.

"In the months of April and May 1815, several conspiracies were got up at Paris; badly plotted, badly conducted, and prepared by madmen, with the assistance of the very individuals who were to punish them—for this was the highest refinement of policy. I little thought my name would figure in these lists. My father, who had retired upon half-pay with the loss of a limb, resided, with his family, in solitude, at the further extremity of Paris. There the report of wars, triumphs, defeats, of monarchies reformed, overturned, or regenerated, reached us only as the noise of a great city on fire extends afar, and awakens the hermit upon his rock. I felt, I confess, much more interested in Madame de Staël's work on Germany—a book just published, than in all the conspiracies in Europe.

"My education was terminated; and my father, seeing nothing in the civilized world, particularly in France, but broken fortunes, uncertain situations, threatening prospects, clouds, thunder-storms, and palaces trembling like the hut of the Alpine peasant when the tempest rages, thought with Rousseau, that a man's resources should be in himself, that education was valueless, and that, at such a crisis of universal confusion, every one, even the most wealthy, should be prepared to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. This was a correct view of society, but I considered it an exaggerated one. How great was my error! Look at the world now, and say whether my father was wrong. This universal panic, this earth trembling beneath our tread,—our terrors, our agitation—all justify the view he took. He proposed, therefore, to finish my wholly scientific education, commenced from the tenderest age, by binding me apprentice to a manual trade. Let it be imagined what a wound was inflicted upon the vanity of a boy who had just left school,

who had been crowned for his Greek exercises and rhetorical declamations, who read Rousseau, fancied himself a *thinker*, and had imbibed through every pore the excitement of our philosophical romances, and of our romantic philosophy. A mechanic! The most passive filial obedience made me defer to paternal good sense—in the situation of our family, this proceeding might have been deemed ridiculous, but it was only an excess of reason. I thought myself a hero when, without a murmur, but not without sadness, I accepted the best security a man can receive against the reverses of life and fortune, and changed the scholar, who could write a useless theme, into the useful compositor of a printing-office.

"There then existed at Paris, a singular kind of printing-office. Three incomplete cases of types were abandoned in the second story of a dark house situated in the *Rue Dauphine*, and built upon the ground now occupied by the passage of that name. There was no workman to give motion to those bits of lead, and transform them into ideas. Their owner was poor, and I know not how he contrived to live. He did not even print an almanack. He existed, however, and his idle presses and dusty cases encumbered the house of his landlord. I believe the police held this house under special surveillance, a circumstance unknown to my father. He saw in the solitude of this office nothing more than a valuable means of protecting my youth against the contagion of bad example. Without living in the midst of workmen I could become one, and learn without danger of corruption. My father, therefore, selected as my master the owner of this deserted printing-office, where, for three months, I regularly attended from eight in the morning to three in the afternoon.

"There I meditated alone, and oftentimes *ennui* followed me there. My master's lessons were but few, and when the handling of the letters and placing them in the composing-stick had tired my fingers, I sat down and took a book. Those who have never felt the disgust of mechanical labour, can never appreciate all the delights of reading. You have been using the gross materials, lead, earth, and wood—blind agents, which oppose only passive resistance, and form nothing but a mere machine which intelligence may mould, but can never animate. But here you find thought; that thought so brilliant, active, and penetrating—which cannot be seized, tamed, or broken—which is fertile in a fruitfulness that never dies. I am not surprised that great men are produced by the mechanical arts. To such as have not seen life beyond the drawing-room, knowledge is but a plaything, an ornament, or a recreation; but to those who have guided the plough or handled the file, it becomes a passion, a power, a beauty, a worship, a divine love. It is from the shop, the stall, the notary's office, a warehouse of writing without thought, that the greater number of powerful minds have burst forth—Molière from the upholsterer's shop—Burns from the farm-house—Shakspeare from the shop of his father, first a butcher, then a glover—Rousseau from his father's manufactory of watch-wheels. Each of these, happy and enthusiastic, after long struggling with physical nature, took refuge in the free domain of thought. Even an inferior mind might be tempered to great strength in these mechanical apprenticeships; and if ever the reform which is spreading over the whole world should extend to the art of forming the mind of man, I have no doubt that public good sense will prove victorious, and that one of the most important branches of education, even for the rich and powerful, will be the choice of an apprenticeship, the serious study of physical nature, and the trial of a trade.

"None of these ideas then suggested themselves;—I had just left school; I had a tragedy

to compose, tender dreams to indulge in, and Gessner to read. I always performed my task very carefully: but with what pleasure did I return to the insipid pastorals of Solomon Gessner, whose pale and sickly morality seemed to me the very acme of refined taste and elegance! O shepherdesses of the Idyls—Chloë, Daphne, Leucothoe! how beautiful you appeared to me in this dark and solitary room, peopled with spiders, with its small windows and little panes of glass—where I heard the discordant organ, with its bellowing basses and screeching upper notes—the distant rattling of carriages—the shrieks of an epileptic patient in the next room, whose hideous agony was renewed each day—and the sounds proceeding from a gambling room situated in the lower part of the premises! This gambling establishment occupied my attention a great deal. I saw old women, with green reticules, enter it at three o'clock in the afternoon, and I saw them, after having spent the night there, quit it the next morning at ten. I heard a pistol shot there one day about noon; and I still see, in vivid recollection, the room with the green carpet, into the interior of which my prying look endeavoured to penetrate, through the red curtains which concealed this cavern of banditti.

"One Saturday evening, after beginning to translate the romance of Daphnis into fine hexameters, with insipid rhymes, I left, upon one of the cases, this book to which I owed so much happiness, and which all the charms of recollection could not now induce me even to run my eye over. The next day I was to accompany my father to the country, about five leagues from Paris. The first bud of spring, the first smile of heaven, and the first breath of perfumed air, were to be my enjoyments. But I would not go without my Gessner, and at seven in the morning I was at the printing-office. Another motive was added to my love of Gessner. My master's wife was unwell; his son a prey to that most dreadful of natural infirmities the epilepsy; and my master himself afflicted with that most painful of social infirmities, poverty. This family was in the most deplorable state, and it required the thoughtlessness and illusion so common at fifteen, to carry the Idyls among them, and mingle with the most painful distress and disease, the fictions of a mythology of the boudoir. I had something to carry to the sick woman from my mother; it was fresh eggs, well concealed in a basket, and which, joined to the eclogues, were to lead me to a dungeon. All these puerile details are necessary to explain by what concatenation of circumstances I found myself, in spite of my youth and insignificance, consigned to the vaults of the Conciergerie.

"At the bottom of the dark staircase, which, by describing a close spiral line, led to my master's apartments, stood two men, who seemed to examine my person very attentively. I took no notice of these sentinels in threadbare coats, but ascended to the printing-office, after having placed my basket upon a table in a small ante-room. On returning with my book in my hand, I perceived, through the open door, a man whose breast was decorated with a white scarf, and who was leaning indolently against the mantel-piece. I entered the lodging of the printer to inquire how his wife was. Scarcely had I got beyond the door, when two men seized and searched me. I was speechless with astonishment. The fixed and piercing look of the police adjutant settled upon me; a portfolio containing the plan of my tragedy, and all my hopes of immortality, was carefully put into an envelope, sealed and indorsed. He then asked my name, age, and profession; and all being written down in minute detail, he ordered me to be conducted to the police.

"The instinct of woman easily detects trouble,

and the females we passed looked at me with pity. * * * In answer to my inquiries, my guides informed me that the accident which had conducted me to the house of a printer accused of a political offence, was not a sufficient ground for suspicion, still less for detention; that I should return to my poor mother the same evening, and I fearlessly entered the prison.

"On looking around me in this den, I saw men half naked—women with red faces and lustful eyes, scarcely covered by the rags they wore—many, such as you meet in Paris, who smell of the *estaminet* and the brothel—peasants in frocks, lying upon the floor with folded arms—and smokers playing at piquet upon the tiled parquet, with greasy cards. A thick and pestilential atmosphere, the revolting stench of which was increased by a secret closet that formed part of the room itself, pervaded this dépôt of crime and misfortune. A camp-bed, upon which swarmed, side by side, poverty, vice, misfortune, and crime, completes the picture of this *salle*, dedicated to St. Martin. It was into this sink of iniquity that I was remorselessly precipitated, without pity for my youth, without even the semblance of accusation or proof. I burst into tears, and seated myself in the recess of a window. Ignorant of the slang of the place, I did not comprehend what was said around me; but the fearful laugh of crime, the gestures of debauchery, and that effeminate ferocity which, in great cities, especially characterizes vice, met my eyes, wet with tears. Those wan, though gay countenances, with sparkling eyes and furrowed brows, came and looked in my face, and scoffed at my weak and delicate frame, my pensive grief, and the stupor into which I was plunged. A trembling old man came to me. He could hardly speak. His lips, half open from decrepitude, his head, whose last grey hairs had fallen, his toothless and trembling mouth, would have excited commiseration in the breast of a savage. He was an old advocate, arrested the night before on a charge of conspiracy. There was, in his debility, the remains of polished manners; but his intelligence besotted by age, his voice without breath or articulation, prevented me from fully understanding the very long speech he made me. I could comprehend only, that like circumstances had brought us together, he on the brink of the grave, and I on the threshold of life. * * *

"I passed the night in my window recess, upon a chair. I asked leave to write to the tenderest of mothers, who knew not what was become of me. This was refused.

"Three days were spent thus, and the thought of my mother, the dreadful uneasiness under which I laboured, and the impossibility of external communication threw me into a fever. The gaoler obtained leave for me to write a letter to my mother, and another to the Prefect of Police. They were, according to the custom of the place, dispatched without being sealed, and the same evening I received a line from my mother, and a ring I shall never part with. Next day, at eleven o'clock, my name was called at the wicket. I was about to be interrogated.

"Having spent three nights, without sleep, absorbed in astonishment and grief, my whole nervous system was in a state of violent excitement. There was a deficiency of water in our prison, and my clothes were dirty, my linen soiled, and a burning fever devoured me. The man who distributed the bread and water to the prisoners, of whom, a few minutes before, I was one, delivered me to two gendarmes. From corridor to corridor, and from turning to turning, we at length came to an office in one of the lower rooms. I heard a scream—it was my excellent mother, who had risen from her bed of sickness, and obtained leave to embrace me. There she was; she strained me in silence to her bosom; she looked at me—and the ex-

pression of her face told me how much I was altered. Her paleness and her tears were indescribable agony. The indulgence of the police went no further than I have related: my mother was ordered to withdraw, and I was carried out.

"Before an office-table covered with boxes of papers carefully classed and numbered, sat a man, whose name I have never asked. His face was short and square, black and wrinkled, fat and bony; he had a low forehead, eyes wrinkled on each side, the broad shoulders of a hangman, and the look of an inquisitor.† May he find a judge less cruel, when he shall appear before the Almighty!

"Sir," said he abruptly, 'you form part of a generation that ought to be strangled; a race of vipers which must be crushed to give peace to France.' Surprised at this address, and calling all my coolness and all my reason to my aid, I replied, 'I thought, Sir, you were to interrogate me upon facts, but I only hear abuse.'

"The little man, whom my soiled apparel, my youth and apparent weakness had encouraged to insult me, sprung from his *fautuil* of black leather, and drawing himself up to the full extent of his short stature, 'Ah!' cried he, placing his two clenched fists upon the table, 'you want to teach me my duty. You are instructing me, Sir!' I have not forgotten one of his words.

"I am content to remind you, Sir," said I coldly, 'that you have before you no culprit—for I am not even accused of any crime—but an innocent young man, who knows not why or by what authority he has been brought here, nor upon what pretence he is detained.'

"That is it," continued the judge, who had again seated himself, 'you are playing the orator, and it is easily seen that you belong to the liberals. *Greffier*, write down everything that he has said.'

[We must bridge the remainder of this scene.]

"When this paroxysm was at its height, he ordered me to sign a paper, containing, not all that I had said, but the material part of it; he then made a sign to the gendarme, and the latter took me away.

"I was now put into another room, with an officer about forty years of age, who wore the Cross of the Legion of Honour. He was a colonel accused of conspiracy. He cast upon me a look of sadness, and held out his hand.

"Ah!" said he, 'you accused of conspiracy! Why, how old are you?'

"Sixteen."

"Excellent."

"The colonel threw himself upon the bed, and remained silent a considerable time.

"In the evening, two gendarmes came to remove me—we got into a *fiacre*, and the coach stopped at the Palais de Justice.

"Close to the vast staircase leading to the halls of Justice, on the right-hand corner, under ground, and concealed by a double iron-railing, you may perceive, groaning under the weight of the Palais de Justice, of which it forms the basement, the subterranean prison, called the Conciergerie. The weight of the upper buildings bear upon it, in the same manner, as the scorn of society bears upon the prisoners it contains, no matter whether they be innocent or guilty. You are in doubt whether it be a prison, a sewer, or a cellar; for the door is so low, so narrow, and so black, that it becomes confounded with the shadows thrown out by the projecting abutments of the surrounding buildings. At the door is a gaoler; on the left, the registry or *écrou*. Before you, is the sombre lamp, which, with a flame of blood, alone, lights a funereal avenue of vaults. All this, I repeat, is now

† There would be no difficulty in naming the party; though the writer has omitted one peculiarity—the unnatural shortness of his arms, which resembled *fusées*.—*Ed.*

altered. In 1815, the oldest prison in France still resembled the *oubliettes* of feudalism. I entered, preceded by one gendarme and followed by another.

"My first thoughts turned towards death and the grave. But afterwards—and let me avow my childish pride—the iniquity of the proceedings against me inspired me with courage, and I considered that they who could fear my youth and confine me in a dungeon, raised me to the precocious dignity of a man and a martyr. * * *

"A tall fellow with a brown jacket then seized me by the hand, and led me up staircases and through galleries. The wind sent moisture through these sombre avenues; and my eyes, unused to this new world, could distinguish nothing but isolated red stars, twinkling from distance to distance. They were the lamps upon the walls.

"We have our orders," said my conductor, and I am very sorry, young man, that you are *au secret*."

"Pray what is that?'

"It is a room which you cannot leave, and where you will see nobody.' * * *

"The third door of the corridor opened into my prison. It was massive with iron, and secured with that profusion of bolts, so usual in places of this description.

"There!" said the gaoler, after raising two iron bars, and turning the enormous key three times in the lock.

"My cell was about eight feet by five, twelve feet high, and nearly deprived of light. On one side, was a wall dripping with brackish water, on the other, a wooden partition. The floor was beaten like that of a cellar, and at the further end, opposite to the door, but ten feet above its level, was an opening three feet high and a foot wide, which enabled me to perceive a shred of the blue and shining sky. A heavy iron trellis-work obstructed this mockery of a window, and the outside was boarded up, with the exception of a small opening at the top. In a corner to the left, facing the door, was spread a little straw; beneath the window, an empty bucket, to the left, a bucket of water, and near it, an empty porringer. It was the condemned cell, the dungeon, with all its horrors, into which, at my tender years, I was thrown, without even being accused of any offence.

"Although the authors of melo-drames have made too free use of the humanity of gaolers, yet I am tempted to believe in such a feeling. They see but few objects deserving of pity, and when chance offers them one, those hearts habituated to the sufferings of others, and tired of hardening, take delight in a little compassion, in the rare recreation of a passing act of charity. Jacques pitied and served me well. His hard countenance seemed to soften and expand when I spoke to him. He was good to me, and would even remain five minutes in my cell. This man, with his brown jacket and belt loaded with keys, had better feelings than the interrogating judge, who was a man of the world, dined out, wore knee-breeches, and black silk stockings, and had his small talk for the ladies.

"The past seemed to me like 'a phantasm or a hideous dream':—apprehended—conducted to the police—interrogated by a *shire*—transferred to the Conciergerie—and subjected to the same treatment as Desruces and Mandrin‡—I saw nothing in it but a species of melancholy witchcraft. Now I can well understand it. * * * A prison loaf was brought me, but it was so heavy, bitter, and of so repulsive a savour and smell, that even my hunger would not allow me to eat it.

"Will you take the *pistole*?" inquired the gaoler?

"I had the meaning of the word *pistole* explained to me. For one hundred francs a

‡ Noted robbers.

month, I could have a bed, white bread, other food, a table and a chair. * * *

"I hinted to Jacques, that my father would not fail to pay for the *pistole*, and to reward him for any services he might render me. I begged him to tell my parents that I was quite well, and very calm. In the evening, when the night round, the closing of the doors, and the ordinary business of the prison allowed him to visit my cell, he told me that my mother had remained a long time in the *parloir*, and had sent me some fruit. Her maternal grief had touched the heart of Jacques. He brought me the *pistole*, consisting of a tottering table, a rush chair almost in pieces, damp sheets, and a grey trundle bed, which I have still before my eyes. On the back of it, these words were written in pencil: *M. Labedoyère slept here, the* The rest was effaced. * * *

"A few days after I received some books; I was allowed to write to my father, but not to seal my letters, and my cell became more pleasant. * * * It was situated above a court-yard, into which looked the windows, or rather loopholes, of the *souricière*, which is, I believe, a provisional prison into which all sorts of criminals are crowded pell-mell, until they can be distributed among the different cells.† The *souricière* of the women was near enough to my cage for me to hear some part of their conversation. There were love ditties sung by hoarse voices—frivolous blasphemies pronounced by soft and pleasing ones—obscene stories related by young girls—narratives of robbery and murder given in slang—new songs, *barcarolle* and *vaudevilles*, sung in chorus by those depraved females, mingled with parodies, imprecations, and laughter. What was saddest in such scenes was the ardent gaiety which pervaded them. All sorrow and remorse, every thought of morality and futurity, were wanting to those hearts which had been dragged through the filth of society until they had become mud. Let me be pardoned these details, which will be thought frivolous by the frivolous only. This excess of human depravity made a strong impression upon me. I had been initiated into no kind of vice, and, in history, I had seen crime softened down by distant perspective. An infancy wholly absorbed by romance of thought and activity of mind, was not prepared for such revelations. When I heard one of these women sing Catruffo's popular melody of '*Portrait charmant*,' my heart contracted; the contrast was too strong, the dissonance too painful. I have never since been able to listen to that song.

"One day there was a greater bustle than usual; the prison bells rung longer, regular steps were heard, and a sound of bayonets surprised me. The door of the adjoining room was opened and shut several times. I heard some one in this room crying and moaning bitterly. Jacques, when he visited me, had his uniform on. The sobbings in the next room increased; the women in the *souricière* continued to sing. The gaoler informed me, that the person in the next cell was condemned to death; that the day of execution had arrived, and the hour was near at hand; that the sobs I heard were the scarcely intelligible confession of the unhappy criminal; that the priest was there; that the culprit, drunk with despair and wine, was receiving absolution upon his knees, and that there were only ten minutes to elapse between his life and death.

† The author is mistaken. The *souricière* is a room in which are placed the prisoners sent for from the different prisons, to be examined by the Judges of Instruction, whose pleasure or convenience they there await. At the period Mr. Chasles speaks of, and long after, the *souricière* was a small close room, lighted by two loop-holes, into which were sometimes crowded forty or fifty individuals. In 1829, the room was rebuilt, and the new one is much larger and more airy, but there are still many evils belonging to it, to which no remedy has yet been applied. There is a separate *souricière* for the female prisoners.—*Ed.*

The bells soon began to ring, the rattling of wheels shook the whole edifice, murmurs of distant voices accompanied the procession, and the silence of the prison succeeded all this tumult.

"This dungeon, as may well be supposed, broke the health of a lad of sixteen; and those terrible scenes made an indelible impression upon my mind. The privation of air and exercise, grief at not beholding those I loved, and the humid atmosphere in which I lived, got the better of my constitution, and I was taken ill. A month had elapsed since my confinement began. The prison physician obtained permission for me to walk in the *préau*, and I was conducted by Jacques into an oblong court-yard, dug into the soil ten or twelve feet below the level of the adjacent street, surrounded by lofty buildings, bordered with iron spikes and faced with immense cut stones. Naked and dirty feet ran upon the fine sand spread over it; surly and harsh voices demanded who I could be; men with brawny arms surrounded me; others in their shirt-sleeves, with no garment but a pair of grey linen trousers, were stretched upon the ground, gambling. Some were making straw boxes and needle-cases, of marvellously delicate workmanship. I here recognized vice, such as I had seen it at the Salle St. Martin, but in a form still more frightful. At the police, it still preserved a cravat, a coat, a half-social language, and some of the habits of civilization: but here it displayed all its hideous character. Its only dialect was slang; and self-contempt was depicted on every countenance. The most insatiable cupidity glistened in the eyes of the gamblers. Here, in the midst of the perfection of civilized society, there existed a society of savages, who had borrowed all the cunning and resources of civilization to employ them in the destruction of civilization itself. I was more alarmed at these figures, at their questions, aspect, gestures, and unknown language, than I should have been at the scaffold.

"I was taken twice to this *préau*; my third walk took place in another, much smaller, and which resembled the bottom of a well surrounded by high walls. In the caves, whose air-holes opened upon this court, were several individuals accused of political offences; amongst others, a lieutenant of cavalry, always in good humour, heedless, gay, enjoying robust health, uttering innocent jokes against his persecutors, and who, from behind his iron bars, told me a thousand pleasant stories.

"As soon as I had recovered my health, I was again confined to my dark cell. I had breathed fresh air three times in eight days, and that proved sufficient. My solitude was lengthened to two months. * * *

"It was thus I knew the *Conciergerie*: a great lesson for a man's life; and if that man be innocent and full of youthful hopes, the lesson carries with it bitter and indelible sadness. The unfortunate individuals, in whose conspiracy I was accused of being an accomplice, were condemned to exile and death. With regard to myself, as one morning I lay weeping upon my bed, my puerile stoicism overcame, listening to the neighbouring bells of Notre Dame, and contemplating with sorrow the oblique and luminous line of a long sunbeam which penetrated into my dungeon, heavy steps, much more rapid than usual, struck my ear. Everything is regular in a prison; and a gaoler walks like the pendulum of a clock, without ever retarding or quickening his pace. Jacques turned his great key rapidly in the lock, and said to me,

"You have now only to go away. There is a *facre* below waiting for you."

"I knew not what to do with my liberty; I was stunned at the news; and, let me not be accused of exaggeration when I affirm, that I cannot give an exact account of my ideas and sensations during that day. Jacques packed up

my things. I allowed myself to be led away. I found my mother in bed, very ill. I remember well her tears and kisses; but I have a more vague recollection of the vital and penetrating freshness of the month of May—of the perfumed garden in which I embraced my father—of the profound emotion he evinced—of his tears which fell upon me—and of the strange intoxication which, after two months of darkness and solitude, made my whole being shudder, and seemed about to destroy even existence itself by a too powerful sense of life and happiness. I remember my father's words—

"You can no longer," said he, "remain in France. You would always be an object of suspicion. You must go to England."

"To England I went; and the two months spent at the *Conciergerie* decided my fate.

"Travels, occupation, sufferings—nothing could efface my recollection of the *Conciergerie*. In 1831, I desired again to see it. It appeared to me as if, in former days, I had lived in the midst of feudalism, so vividly did those towers, those corridors, that lamp, and those vaults represent it to my mind. But civilization, in its eternal progress, has at length overtaken and destroyed those remains of barbarity—the *Conciergerie* of feudalism no longer exists."

Next week, we shall present our readers with translations from some of the other Papers in this curious and interesting work.

The Continental Annual for 1832. Illustrated by S. Prout; edited by W. Kennedy. Smith, Elder & Co.

"It has been frequently remarked concerning the class of periodicals, of which the volume now submitted to the public is the youngest, that they present too uniform a resemblance to each other; and that, while increasing in number, their object and plan make no corresponding advances toward novelty and originality. We do not quote these observations invidiously, but for the purpose of showing that, in assigning to the '*Continental Annual*' a specific character different from its predecessors; the suggestions of our own humble judgment have had the fortune to coincide with the sentiments of others, to many of whom we readily defer, as more deeply conversant with the mysteries of criticism. Impressed with the belief, that the taste for the wild and wonderful will endure as long as man retains the faculty of imagination, we have selected from the varied walks of literature the fairy track of Romance. On that enchanted path we purpose rambling from year to year, hoping to lead the adventurous reader through castles of delightful gloom and forests of never-wearying perplexity—over meads of perennial verdure, and battle-fields as fraught with the elements of excitement as the most devout lover of fiction could desire." From this passage in the preface, it was no doubt the wish of the authors to make an original sort of book; and, unquestionably they have succeeded, but not exactly in the way they describe. We should have expected, after these observations, a splendid succession of romances from the pencil as well as from the pen: but behold! the artist abides doggedly on this dull earth, while the author is figuring in the air. Prout has sailed in a common passage-boat or ridden on a hired hack, delineating with a careful and accurate hand the public buildings and widest streets of the trading cities of the Continent; while Kennedy has mounted

the air on his Pegasus, and dealt out the strange fictions of his fancy with no sparing hand; for every fact of the pencil we have a fiction of the pen.

We have great doubts of the success of such an experiment: the author, who desires to excite the public imagination, will find it more sluggish than his own; while the views of market-places, and steeples and churches of known celebrity will mingle ungraciously with his romances. We have seen books, where the serious text was illustrated—so it was called—with caricature cuts: but here, the cuts, with all the accuracy of camera-lucida delineation upon them, go hand-in-hand with the baseless visions of the fancy, and the mixture is strange and startling. We really know not what to make of this work: it cannot be our wish to be captious concerning a book, the joint production of two men of genius; we cannot praise it, and they would be displeased if we commend it as a curiosity. It is at once clever and absurd—brilliant and dull—now flooding us with fancy, then flooring us with knock-down realities: we are hurried to the very borderland between imagination and folly; and when our senses are giddy, the author turns us to the artist, who leads us back to sobriety through the Market-Place of Ghent or the Hotel of Brussels.

We, as we have often shown, are admirers of the muse of Kennedy: nay, we have praised his prose more than any of our contemporaries; and no doubt we could single out passages, nay pages, here, worthy of his best compositions. He has had, however, the misfortune to meet with some one whom, in his preface, he calls an accomplished foreigner; and, from this person, he has accepted more assistance than he ought. In many pages may be traced the workmanship of this foreign auxiliary—we see him in 'The Fanatic': we find him in the 'Cottage of Koswara,' where he deals his terrible words about till our hair stands on end: and he crosses our path in the same unwelcome way in the 'Rose of Rouen.' On the whole, the book is a beautiful one, externally and internally: there is much true genius, though wilder than we like.

The Village Blacksmith, &c. By James Everett. 2nd edit. 12mo. London, 1831. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THERE are probably but few of our readers who have ever heard of the name of *Samuel Hick*, the village blacksmith, a man well known in Yorkshire, and well esteemed for glowing piety and warm singleness of heart. It is, however, fortunate for his memory that it has been entrusted to Mr. Everett, a man of fine taste and genius, to draw up this record of his life and actions: for, numerous and various as the materials to work upon appear to have been, in the camelion character of that number and variety lay danger: the simplicity of Samuel Hick often bordered on the ridiculous, and it required not only tenderness and experience, but the penetration and judgment of a master of the human heart to discriminate between them. The literary merits of this work are as superior to the maudlin mass of religious memoirs, as the comet-coursed village blacksmith was unlike the amiable, but inanimate personages, of whom they bear witness. Indeed, we doubt

not but many of our readers have found the memoirs of *Jane this*, or *Isabella that*, of Mrs. *Somebody*, or Mr. *Such-a-one*, soporifics more powerful than all the opiates on the shelves of the apothecary. The present volume is wholly different; and now that winter is about to throw his black curtain over the heavens, and force us to our firesides, where piety is holiest, love purest, happiness sweetest, and amusement dearest, we could not recommend a companion more likely to increase all than 'The Village Blacksmith.'

Samuel Hick for nearly half a century followed the vocation of a blacksmith in the village of Micklesfield, in Yorkshire, and was for many years an active and successful local preacher among the Wesleyans. We shall introduce him to our readers in the graphic and elegant language of his biographer:—

"There was but little that might be deemed prepossessing in his person. He was tall and bony, rising to the height of about six feet. Hard labour, and the nature of his employment—lowering one arm with the iron, and raising the other with the hammer, while he stooped at the anvil—gave a roundness to the upper part of his back, and a slight elevation to his right shoulder. His hair was naturally light—his complexion fair—his face full, but more inclined to the oval than the round—and his general features small, with a soft, quick, blue-grey, twinkling eye, partaking of the character of his mind, twinkling in thought, and sending out occasional and inexpressible natural beauties, like streaks of sunshine between otherwise darkly rolling clouds.

"His mind was peculiarly constructed, and had all the effect, in preaching and in conversation, of an intellect broken into fragments—not shining forth as a whole, like the sun diffusing light and day; but the scattered portions shining separately, like stars in the heavens; and these too, not silently and slowly stealing out, one by one; but suddenly breaking upon the eye in numbers, and from unexpected quarters, some of them but indistinctly visible, and others as lovely as Venus in all her glory. . . . To persons in the polished circles, it was a relief to the mind to be with him—one of those novel scenes but rarely met with in the landscape of life. Instead of the dull, monotonous plain, whose richest garb becomes common place by constantly gazing upon it, in Samuel it was like broken rocks, wood and water; a piece of moor land, with patches of rich soil beneath the heath, with here and there a flower of surprising beauty springing up in the midst of the wilderness scene; the whole contributing to show the effect of grace upon nature—and a nature too which, without that grace, could never have been subdued into anything like decorum or sobriety." 63.

Some of the anecdotes scattered over the volume, remind us of George Fox and the early quakers. On one occasion Samuel Hick visited a poor, sick, and aged widow:—

"After encouraging and praying with her, he put sixpence into her hand—the sum total, it is believed, he had upon his person at the time. She appeared overpowered with gratitude, and he was deeply affected with the manner in which it was expressed. It suddenly occurred to him, and he internally accosted himself—'Bless me! can sixpence make a poor creature happy? How many sixpences have I spent on this mouth of mine, in feeding it with tobacco! I will never take another pipe whilst I live: I will give to the poor whatever I save from it.' From that hour he denied himself. It was not long, however, before he was seriously indisposed. His medical attendant, being either inclined to try the strength of his resolution, or supposing that he had sustained some injury by

suddenly breaking off the use of the pipe, and therefore would derive advantage from its re-adoption, addressed him thus:—

"Physician. You must resume the use of the pipe, Mr. Hick."

"Samuel. Never more, Sir, while I live."

"Phys. It is essential to your restoration to health, and I cannot be answerable for consequences, should you reject the advice given."

"Sam. Let come what will, I'll never take another pipe: I've told my Lord so, and I'll abide by it."

"Phys. You will in all probability die, then."

"Sam. Glory be to God for that! I shall go to heaven: I have made a vow, and I'll keep it." His medical adviser found him unflinching in the face of danger and of death; and as he recovered from his illness, he more readily attributed the prolongation of life to the honour which God had conferred upon him for his self-denial, than to the most efficacious medicine that could have been administered." 110-11.

Samuel, who, in the language of his biographer,

"United to uncommon tenderness of heart, a sincerity and a simplicity which no one could resist, which linked him to every spirit he came near, and which, while his own yearnings led him to weep over distress, to seek it out in all its haunts, and to relieve it to the leaving of himself penniless, ever secured to him fellow-helpers in any projected work of benevolence,"

was wiser upon occasions in the distribution of his charities, than might have been anticipated—but the following anecdote is especially curious, as showing the idea that some men can attach to prosperity and a guinea; and we hope, the moral may not be thrown away on those who have more guineas than the Village Blacksmith:—

"A poor man had lost a horse by sickness. Samuel, who was 'a servant of all work,' in the begging line, went round the neighbourhood, and collected money, for the purchase of another. This amounted to a guinea more than the value of the animal,—a sum of less than twenty shillings being sufficient to purchase another equally poor to replace him. The man himself, though a professor of religion, was less entitled to Samuel's confidence than his benevolence; and to show how low he stood, by the small degree of prosperity he was capable of sustaining, Samuel, speaking of him to a friend, said, 'I did not give him the guinea all at once; I gave it him as I thought he needed it: for, bless you, barn, (child) you see he could not bear prosperity.'" 112-13.

The description of Samuel Hick, on the occasion when first seen by Mr. Everett, is very admirable. Samuel, it appeared, had dreamed that he set sail for the West Indies as a missionary—that, on landing, he saw a pulpit before him and ascended into it; but, on opening the Bible, he found it filled with blank leaves; when suddenly gold letters appeared, and the words were, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." He was explaining this to a large audience at a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting:—

"The description of the vessel in which he made his voyage, which is too ludicrous to appear among graver associations—his suddenly turning to the pulpit, and pointing to it as a model of the one in which he supposed himself to have preached—the familiarity of some of his comparisons, his views rising no higher, in reference to the gold characters, from his days having been spent mostly in the country, than some of the more costly sign-boards of the tradesman—his grotesque figure, and still more characteristic action, for the latter of which he was not a little indebted to his trade, his arms

being stretched out, with his hands locked in each other, while he elevated and lowered them, as though he had been engaged at the anvil; varying in his movements as he rose in zeal and quickened in delivery, becoming more and more emphatic—his tears—his smiles—his tenderness—his simplicity—the adroitness with which he turned upon the text, the effects of the sermon, &c., to strengthen his call to the work—the manner in which he brought the subject to bear upon the object of the meeting—and his offering himself, in the fulness of his spirit, at the close, as a missionary, telling the people that his 'heart was good,' his 'health was good,' and his 'appetite was good;' that he wanted not their money, but would bear his own expenses; and that, sustaining his own burden, he should consider it, provided family connexions would admit, the highest honour that could be conferred upon him;—the whole, in short, produced, both upon the platform and among the people, an effect rarely witnessed, and a scene calculated to move on with the memory, and live as a distinct picture in the imagination." 50-51.

Another admirable sketch of Hick is at the fireside of the poor widow. He went once to preach at Hansworth, where there was no one who would even receive the horses of the methodists, but some poor people without the town, and they suffered for their charity—even those "who had supplied them with milk, refused to let them have any more." Thirty years after, Hick went there again—time had reconciled opinions, and the methodists now put up at the inns; but Samuel went straight to the cottage of the widow, who met him with tears of joy, for she had grieved at losing "their presence, their advice, and their prayers on the social hearth-stone."—

"Samuel took his own way of consoling her, and directed her attention to the 'recompense of reward' for what she had done. And it was here, both as to subject and place, that he was in his element. To behold him thus, in one of his happiest moods, the reader has only to sketch a thatched cottage, tottering, like its inmate, with age; its white-washed walls and mud floor; a few homely pieces of furniture, impaired by long continued use; Samuel himself seated upon the remains of an old oaken chair, on the opposite side of the fire to the old woman; there talking of the joys of the heaven to which they were both hastening, throwing a beam of sunshine into the heart of her with whom he conversed, and which seemed dead within her till he stirred it into life. Now he crouched forwards, with the crown of his head towards the fire—his eyes fixed upon the ground—his elbows occasionally supported by his knees—the palms of his hands turned upwards—his thumbs and fore-fingers in constant motion, as though he were in the act of rubbing some fine powder between them, in order to ascertain the quality; or like some of our elderly matrons at the distaff, twisting the fibres of the flax into a thread—dropping for a moment the conversation—next climbing in with a few notes of praise—again taking up the theme of Christ and future glory—his face, meanwhile, glistening through the rising emotions of his soul—his hands now gliding into quicker action—the fountains of the beating heart breaking up—till at length, elevating his frame, and with his eyes brimming with tears, he seems to throw, by a single glance, all the tenderness of his soul into the bosom of the object of his solicitude, which at once softens, animates, and transfixes the eye of the beholder in grateful return upon himself for the conversational benefits thus conferred." 90-1.

Samuel Hick, as described by Mr. Everett, was a man original in action as in person, zealous

as an apostle, simple as a child, benevolent almost beyond precedent, a piece of imperfect humanity in the ordinary affairs of life, a fond father, an anxious husband, an exemplary Christian abounding in every good word and work, and withal humorous and entertaining as the pleasant fellow of a comedy. We recommend the 'Village Blacksmith,' as likely to amuse, instruct, and edify—and the volume as containing more pure, manly, and beautiful English, than is to be found in any half-dozen modern novels. A poet's prose, where it is not inflated, is the best of all prose; and in the work before us, Mr. Everett's taste and judgment has fortunately prevented him from falling into the common error; and he has introduced only so much of imagination and metaphor as to elevate the subject, delight the reader, and to throw over the whole, the quiet and pure spirit of his own muse.

Civil Wars of Ireland. By W. C. Taylor, Esq., A.B. of Trinity Coll., Dublin. 2 vols. Vol. I. 1831.

AGAINST some opinions in our review of this work, Mr. Taylor protests. We think his book an excellent one, and shall allow him his little corner for controversy, although he is much too impatient of difference, and certainly, from the style of his letter, cannot fairly have balanced our sincere commendation with our honest dissent. As to the Gunpowder Plot, Mr. Taylor has thrown more doubts upon it, than can be shaken by a few concluding words, which halt after like the moral to a fable;—and as to the Massacre of 1641, we are content to have all the best historians on our side.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—In the review of my 'History of the Civil Wars of Ireland,' two specific instances of my want of candour are given. The first is, that I have thrown doubt on the existence of the Gunpowder Plot. Now, my express words are:—

"Still, there can be no doubt of the existence of this atrocious conspiracy, though all the details are uncertain," (page 236)—so much for my first uncandid statement.

The second is, that I have extenuated what the reviewer is pleased to call the "Massacre of 1641." Which of the two does he mean—the massacre of the new settlers in Ulster, by O'Neill's infuriate mob; or the ruthless retaliation of the English and Scotch colonists? My statement of both is as follows:—

"At first, the Irish were contented with merely expelling the intruders, but a mob soon adds cruelty to violence, and in several instances the English were personally injured and even murdered. The English and Scotch settlers reported these outrages, and, whenever they had an opportunity, massacred the Irish without mercy. These cruelties, however, have been scandalously exaggerated by the writers on both sides," (page 264).—"The hatred of popery on the one hand, and of heresy on the other, led men, even of the purest minds, to excuse and palliate crimes, from the contemplation of which they would, under other circumstances, have shrunk with horror," (page 274).—If the reviewer chooses to call reprobation of both parties an extenuation of either, his rules of moral judgment ought to be forthwith revised. He says that I have described the Agrarian Insurrection in Ulster as 'a bit of a civil war.' I have done no such thing, but have carefully distinguished the northern tumult from the subsequent though scarcely consequent 'war of the

confederates.' He has, to be sure, in this, imitated 'some of the most candid and liberal British writers,' just as they imitated Lord Clarendon and Temple. Now, Clarendon's information was obtained from Ormond and his followers, who were personally interested in misrepresenting the transactions; and Temple (not the great Sir William) wrote to vindicate himself. I have stated no fact, either in extenuation or aggravation, which I have not supported by references to royal proclamations, parliamentary reports, and original letters—documents less interesting than the reviewer's 'liberal and candid British writers,' but, I should think, full as likely to afford impartial information. The reference to such authority comes with 'no very good grace from the paper that lately threw down the gauntlet in behalf of that Queen Mary, to whom these 'liberal and candid writers' have invariably given the epithet—'bloody.' But, perhaps the prejudice against the Irish has struck even deeper root than that against popery; or the progress of liberality in history may be still on its march, and not yet come down from the reigns of the Tudors to those of the Stuarts.

The extraordinary allusion to Dr. Lingard is singularly misplaced: it manifestly means more than meets the ear; but the reviewer is mistaken in the conjecture by which it was dictated. I am a Protestant, and have no object to gain either in proving the Catholics innocent, or the religion which I profess, and the Anglo-Irish race from which I am descended, guilty of the evils that occurred in civil war. My anxiety has been to do justice to all; and if an instance of injustice, or want of candour, be pointed out, I will conform so far to the practice of the Romish church as to make full confession.

The point at issue, between the reviewer and me, is, whether original documents, or the statements of "liberal and candid British writers," are the better authorities in writing Irish history. I prefer the former; and must have some arguments stronger than epithets and assertions, before I change my opinion.

W. C. TAYLOR.

Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the Years 1828 and 1829; with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, and Anecdotes of Distinguished Public Characters: in a Series of Letters. By a German Prince.

[Second Notice.]

As examples of our author's style in describing masses of natural scenery, we may refer the reader to his remarks on the general scenery of the Wye, and his description of the shores of Glengarriff Bay. Of his manner in painting particular effects, we must give the two following specimens:—

"Just at this point the sun set; and Nature, who often rewards my love for her, displayed one of the most wonderful spectacles. Black clouds hung over the mountains, and the whole heavens were overcast. Only just at the point where the sun looked out from beneath the dusky veil, issued a stream of light which filled the whole ravine with a sort of unearthly splendour. The lake glittered beneath it like molten brass; while the mountains had a transparent steel-blue lustre, like the gleam of diamonds. Single streaks of rose-coloured cloud passed slowly across this illumined picture over the mountains; while on both sides of the opened heavens distant rain fell in torrents, and formed a curtain which shut out every glimpse of the remaining world. Such is the magnificence which Nature has reserved for herself alone, and which even Claude's pencil could never imitate." i. 241-2.

"We sailed with a fair wind past Passage, a

fishery village, and then past Monkstown, which takes its name from a ruin of a monastery in a wood above. The rain, which had ceased for a time, here began to fall again, but I was requited by a splendid effect. We turned, near the island of Arboul, into the narrow bay of Cove, which afforded a very beautiful view; its mouth is bounded on the left by a high coast, covered with houses and gardens: on the right by the rocky island I have just named, on which are situated a fort, marine buildings, and store-houses containing the 'matériel' for the naval service; before us, in the bay itself, lay several line-of-battle ships and frigates, and another convict ship at anchor; behind them rose the town of Cove, built in steps or terraces on the side of the mountain.

"While all this was full in our view, the sun, now near its setting, broke forth from a flame-coloured spot in the heavens, below the rain clouds, while a rainbow more perfect and deeply coloured than I ever remember to have seen, with both feet on the sea, spanned the entrance of the bay like a portal of flowers leading from earth to heaven. Within its gigantic arch appeared the sea and the ships, shaded from the sun's rays by a mountain behind us perfectly black; in contrast with which the evening glow resting on the lofty amphitheatre of Cove, shed such a glory that the sea-mews poised in it looked like glittering silver, and every window in the town (which is spread out on the side of the hill) gleamed like burnished gold. This indescribably beautiful scene not only lasted till we entered the bay, but just before we landed the rainbow doubled itself, each bow glowing in equal beauty of colour. We had hardly set foot on the shore when both disappeared almost instantaneously." ii. 18-19.

The following is a favourable specimen of that mode of reading moral truths in natural objects, which is the habit of a high-toned mind:—

"As this view disappeared, I turned my eyes to the unusually clear firmament. Who can look intently on the sublime and holy beauty of those glittering worlds, and not be penetrated by the deepest and the sweetest emotions? They are the characters by which God has from all time spoken most clearly to the soul of man; and yet I had not thought of these heavenly lights so long as the earthly ones sparkled before me! But this is it ever. When earth forsakes us, we seek heaven. Earth is nearer, and her authority more powerful with us; just as the peasant stands more in awe of the justice than of the king; the soldier fears the lieutenant more than the general; the courtier is more assiduous to please the favourite than the monarch; and lastly, the fanatic—but we won't philosophize further about it, dear Julia; for I need not repeat to you, 'qu'il ne faut pas prendre le valet pour le roi.' ii. 20-21.

Of his critical manner in the analysis of beauty, one of the best specimens is his description of Colonel W.'s house near Bantry Bay; from which we give the following passage, as illustrative of his style of writing on such subjects:—

"This beauty is never displayed naked, but always sufficiently veiled to leave the requisite play for the imagination; for, a perfect park—in other words, a tract of country idealized by art—should be like a good book, which suggests at least as many new thoughts and feelings as it expresses."

The following are also specimens:—

"A monument has been erected at the entrance of the harbour, in honour of the King's memorable visit (memorable, that is, for its disappointing all hopes and expectations). It is designed and executed with the sort of taste

which seems to lie like a curse on all the public buildings of Great Britain: it is a small, ridiculous stump of an obelisk, perched on the corner of a natural rock; it stands on four balls, and looks precisely as if the first blast of wind would roll it into the sea. One cannot suppress the wish that this may happen;—the sooner the better. The royal crown is stuck at the top like a lid on a mustard-pot, and the whole contrasted with the noble dimensions of the harbour and surrounding buildings, is so small and 'mesquin' that it might be taken for the whim of a private man, but certainly never for a national monument. Perhaps the architect was a 'mauvais plaisant,' and meant it satirically:—as an epigram it is deserving of praise." i. 216-17.

"As the objects which present themselves along the Wye are almost always few, and in large masses, they invariably form beautiful pictures,—for pictures require to be bounded or framed. Nature creates according to a standard which we cannot judge of in its total effect; the highest harmony of which must therefore be lost to us:—Art strives to form a part of this into an ideal whole, which the eye and mind of man can take in. This is in my opinion the idea which lies at the bottom of landscape gardening. But Nature herself here and there furnishes a perfect pattern or model for such creations of art,—a landscape microcosm; and seldom can more such models be found within the same distance than in the course of this voyage, where every bend of the river presents a fresh feast of art, if I may so speak." ii. 198-9.

Of his aphoristic style, take the following:

"A cheerful, grateful disposition is a sort of sixth sense, by which we perceive and recognize happiness."

Of his mode of reasoning on speculative subjects, the chapter called, 'Parlour Philosophy' furnishes a good example; and of his political inquiry and opinions, the two on the 'Irish Church Establishment.' Indeed, the Irish part of this work is the most interesting; and, although some of those anomalies which he denounces have been destroyed, and the train is inevitably laid to others, yet it is not without its use to see, in a mirror like this, the figure we cut only a few years ago, in the eyes of cool and unprejudiced lookers on. Well does he observe, that future generations will look back upon them with the same sort of pity as we do upon the darkness of the middle ages.

That these Letters, bearing, as they do, the stamp of intelligence and the evidences of opportunity, and obviously penned under the immediate impression of the scenes which they describe, should have excited great interest and attention in Germany, we can readily understand; and if they have less attraction for us, inasmuch as they deal in subjects and objects with which we are more familiar, yet the new and graphic combinations and descriptions of those objects, and the modes of thinking brought to bear upon those subjects, enable us very heartily to recommend them to the perusal of our countrymen, both for amusement and instruction. We should add, that they are enlivened with anecdote—not compiled after the received fashion of anecdote-mongers, but always characteristic, and in legitimate illustration of the subject before the author.

For the benefit of those who will not take our advice and read the volumes, and who would, therefore, miss the two following little bits, we cannot resist the temptation of extracting them, in conclusion.

"I remember that once in London, the well-known ambassador of a great nation tried a great length to convince me that the Chinese form of government was the best and most efficient, because there everything remained unaltered: 'C'est plus commode pour ceux qu'on régent, il n'y a pas de doute.'" ii. 32.

"Au reste, one cannot take it amiss of any man 'qu'il prêche pour sa paroisse.' To require from an English archbishop with 50,000*l.* a year that he should be an enlightened man, is as preposterous as to expect from the Shah of Persia that he should transform himself into a constitutional monarch of his own free will. There are few men who would voluntarily refuse a rich and splendid sinecure, where nothing is required of them but to fling a little dust in the people's eyes, or to be a despot ruling millions with his nod. It is the business of human society, if possible, to put things upon such a footing that none of us, be our good-will for it ever so great, can either get such a sinecure or become such a despot." ii. 154-5.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.

Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes; ou, Souvenirs historiques sur Napoléon, la Révolution, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.

[Fourth Notice.]

The following are portraits and anecdotes of Lavallette and his amiable wife. Much as we have read of these good people, we do not remember, heretofore, to have met with any personal description of the husband, and it will not, we think, quite agree with existing prejudice:—

"Junot begged that my mother would invite Lavallette, who had already, at that period, the burlesque appearance which we recollect so well. His form was that of a Bacchus, with short legs supporting a very promising abdominal protuberance, and a face rendered peculiarly comic by small eyes: a nose, scarcely bigger than a pea, placed between two immense cheeks, and a head adorned with locks so scanty, that each hair might easily be counted. One day, in Egypt, some one belonging to the staff of the General-in-Chief, appeared at breakfast with a black crape round his arm. 'Whom have you lost?' inquired the General. 'The Indomptable has fallen in the desert,' was the reply. Now the several hairs of Lavallette's head had each a particular name: one was called the *Invincible*, others the *Réductible* and the *Courageux*; one, in fine, had the name of the *Indomptable*. These names were given, because the few bristles to which they applied were in permanent opposition—not to a comb, in truth, for what could it have to do there!—but to a beautifully small and white hand,† with rosy and curving nails, constantly at work to keep them down. These unhappy hairs, always standing upright, were well known to the whole staff; and, whenever one of them passed from life to extinction, a funeral service was performed. The *Indomptable* having fallen, mourning had been consequently assumed. . . .

"M. de Lavallette was, in the highest sense of the word, a man of wit. He related, with grace, numberless anecdotes with which an excellent memory kept him supplied. He had seen a great deal—had retained much; and added to a highly-cultivated mind, mildness, with brilliancy and smartness in conversation. Doubtless, Lavallette was not a man of genius—at least, such is my opinion; he was a man of wit, and nothing more. The horrible and infamous persecution he underwent, forced him to escape from the torrent, that it might not sweep

† Lavallette had hands of which a lady might be proud.

him away from an eminence upon which he would never have thought of placing himself. He had qualities of a high order: being a good father, a good husband, and a faithful friend. The latter he sometimes carried too far. His marriage with Madlle. Emilie de Beauharnais, daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais brother-in-law of Madame Bonaparte, took place a few days before he embarked for Egypt. Madlle. de Beauharnais was placed in a difficult situation with regard to her parents. They had obtained a divorce: the father to unite himself to a German canoness, and the mother to marry a negro; and from this circumstance the poor girl, who was portionless, found it very difficult to obtain a husband. She was of ravishing beauty, sweet-tempered, good, and, thanks to her aunt, had been well educated. At length, M. Lavallette fell in love with her, which was natural enough; but what was less so is, that she returned his affection with all her heart.† The marriage took place, and the husband departed for Egypt, leaving his charming wife behind.

"The matrimonial strife between her two mothers and two fathers, including the black, had caused the poor girl to be cruelly neglected, so that, at eighteen, she had not been inoculated; and, as the small-pox finds great attractions in a beautiful face, the army had sailed only a few days, when Madame de Lavallette, fortunate in an escape from death, had changed her countenance for another. She was, at first, in despair at this misfortune, and no longer desired to live. She found herself hideous, and truly she was much altered; but the redness disappeared by degrees, and in the end she became accustomed to the change. It was not so great as to warrant such excessive grief; and many women would have been well content with the remains of Madame Lavallette's beauty. Her skin was still of dazzling whiteness; and she had good teeth, an enchanting regard, and a good figure: in short, everything considered, she was still a fine woman, though not the same as when she married. She had the forethought to dispatch her portrait to her husband, but it was, I believe, taken by the English. As for the impression made upon Lavallette by not finding his wife such as he had left her, no part of his conduct could ever lead to the conjecture that he loved her less. But I have reason to believe that she suspected such to be the case. Her mildness prevented her from saying so; but her constant tears, profound melancholy, and the disgust of life she so strongly evinced, have often embittered the hours of her good and excellent husband, who would have purchased her happiness at the price of his life. I am in possession of details which greatly enhance, in my estimation, the subsequent heroic conduct of Madame Lavallette, and increase my admiration for her. I care not for what is foolishly called her *dévouement*: the code was there to protect her; but I do maintain that, under the persuasion of her husband's change of sentiments, she displayed much generosity and greatness of soul." iii. 317—22.

Junot, on quitting Egypt, was taken prisoner off Alexandria, by the *Theseus*, a British ship of war, under the command of Captain Steels, of whom no very flattering picture is here drawn:—

"Captain Steels‡ was the most impertinent of men, which is saying a great deal; for when an Englishman chooses to be impertinent, he is a master in the art. Junot, as a prisoner, was very uncomfortable; for whatever could aggravate his misfortune seemed to be concocted, every night, in Captain Steels' brains, to be acted upon the next day. With Junot was an-

other prisoner of rank, General Dumuy, the senior General of Division of the French army. He was no longer young; and held a rank which ought to have secured him not only proper respect and attention, but even military honours. If he were only a brave fool, like Prusias, king of Bithynia, Captain Steels (according to opinions expressed to me by many of his own countrymen) was the least qualified of any to make the discovery. Well, not only was General Dumuy ill-treated,—which was cruel,—but turned into ridicule, which was infamous. Junot allowed of no jesting, which, I need not say, was dangerous with him. Lallemand (Junot's aide-de-camp) was not more disposed to permit it than his General, and one day nearly threw overboard a young officer, who endeavoured to pass off a practical joke upon him."

After suffering in this way four months, they were conveyed to Jaffa, and were very politely received by Sir Sidney Smith, who dispatched the *Valiant* to convey them to Toulon, after touching at Palermo, to take the orders of Lord Nelson, whose character is here displayed in a very amiable light:—

"The day after the *Valiant* had anchored in the port of Palermo, a very elegant barge, manned by twelve men dressed in white, with black velvet caps, each ornamented with a silver leopard, came alongside the frigate. Junot was in his cabin with General Dumuy. The Captain of the *Valiant* came down to them, and said, with the greatest arrogance, 'Gentlemen, go upon deck; the great Admiral Nelson, our hero, wants to see the French prisoners.' Junot first looked at the Captain—then turned his head as if in search of some one—and at length said, 'It seems, Sir, that you are addressing the General and me.—(The Captain bowed assent.)—And you have the courage to deliver this message with so much impertinence? Well, Sir, take back the answer, at least so far as I and my officers are concerned: go and tell Admiral Nelson, that, in my estimation, he is neither a hero, nor a great man. Tell him that I am not his prisoner, but the captive of his government; that, were it otherwise, I would not obey a brutal order, which seems to suppose that you have brought some curious wild beasts from Egypt, and that you are their showman. If Admiral Nelson wants to see me, he knows where I am. More than that, as he is my superior in rank, add, that if he had civilly expressed a desire to see me, I should have gone to him immediately. Now, the insult has been offered, and it is too late. I do not wish to impose my opinions upon anybody,' continued Junot, addressing himself to General Dumuy, who was treading on his toes, pushing his arms, and had, during Junot's speech, assumed a look ridiculously deplorable. 'I have said what I thought, and declared my intentions: you are free to act as you please.' What this brave man pleased to do, was to appear upon deck, and walk about like a white bear in its cage. The Captain delivered Junot's answer to Nelson. Now, Junot's excited feelings had made him say what he was far from thinking; for he had always been a great admirer of Nelson, and did not conceal it; but we are naturally glad to say a spiteful word, when the enemy who conquers us adds insult to his victory. It is to be presumed that Junot's answer was properly appreciated by the elevated soul of Nelson; for the same evening the Admiral sent him a present of fruit, syrups, and claret, to which Lady Hamilton added a supply of oranges. Junot thought, and with reason, that a refusal would be foolish and in bad taste; he therefore returned his thanks with an expression of gratitude, which he sincerely felt."

Nelson annulled the orders of Sir Sidney Smith, and the prisoners were sent provisionally to Mahon. Junot afterwards became

very intimate with Sir Sidney. Both lived under the same roof, and their friendship is thus described by the Duchess:—

"In a short time, Sir Sidney and Junot, having become known, conceived a mutual and profound esteem for one another. Junot said that Sir Sidney was chivalry personified, with all its bravery and honour. They spent two months together, which appeared very short to Junot, who would willingly have remained much longer with Sir Sidney, had he not been so anxious to return to France. Everything was obliged to yield to this desire, which had become a true *maladie du pays*. Sir Sidney perceived it, and, with the ardour of a brother, set about obtaining Junot's exchange. His active intervention was at length successful, and the exchange effected. * * * After this, it may readily be imagined, that Juno felt the warmest friendship for the Commodore. They corresponded, in spite of the war, and sent each other presents of arms." ii. 227—34.

Anecdote of the early Life of Buonaparte — Puss in Boots.

"It was then he (Bonaparte) obtained a sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery, and that he went to Grenoble, Valence, Auxonne, &c. Before his departure, he spent some time with us. My sister was then in a convent, but, during Napoleon's visit, she frequently came home. The day on which he first appeared in his regimentals, was one of joy to him, and he seemed very proud of his new attire. But one part of his dress gave him a very ridiculous appearance; this was his boots, which were so singularly large, that his small, thin legs were lost in their amplitude. On his entering the saloon thus accoutred, my sister and I, unable to contain ourselves, burst into a violent fit of laughter. Napoleon, neither then nor at a later period of his life, could endure being laughed at, and on perceiving that he was the object of our mirth, he became angry. My sister, much my senior—for she was my godmother—observed to him, in a joking way, that as he had girded on the sword, he ought to be the knight of the ladies, and feel himself highly honoured at their condescending to jest with him. 'It is easily seen that you are nothing but a little school-girl,' said Napoleon with a disdainful look. My sister was then twelve or thirteen years old, and very good-tempered; but no woman can remain so when her vanity is attacked, and that of Cecile was wounded to the quick at the epithet of little school-girl. 'And you,' retorted she, 'you are nothing but a puss in boots.' Everybody in the room laughed. It would be difficult to describe Napoleon's rage, but he made no reply; for, deficient as he was, at that period, in the usages of polished society, his acuteness and instinctiveness of apprehension, made him instantly perceive that he could not bandy personalities with a female; and that, whatever her age, he was bound to respect her. At least such was the code of politeness then in use. * * *

Although extremely annoyed at the nickname my sister had given him, he affected to be no longer angry, and joined in the laugh. A few days afterwards, to prove that he bore no malice, he brought me a little toy representing puss in boots, running before the carriage of the Marquis of Carabas. This toy which he had expressly ordered, was extremely pretty, and must assuredly have cost him a sum very disproportionate to the state of his finances. * * *

"Bonaparte would often add striking arguments to his jests, and those he most loved were often obliged to suffer the pain of such applications. Although he had a great regard for Junot, he often singled him out, during the Consulate and the first years of the Empire, as the butt of some coarse joke, which he accompanied by pinching one of his ears in a manner to draw

† The facts are told by Lavallette himself, in his *Memoirs*; and may be read in *The Athenæum*, No. 260, August 27.

‡ So called by the Duchess, the name of the Commander was Capt. Stiles.

blood. The favour was then complete. Junot, whose attachment to Bonaparte was of the most devoted kind, was the first to laugh heartily at these singular *plaisanteries*, and to think no more of them. But at times, some person present recollected a joke, and thought himself very witty to repeat it; and on one occasion this made me very angry. One day, at Malmaison, we were dining under the large trees which crown the summit of the little hill to the left of the meadow in front of the house. Bonaparte was in high spirits. Madame Bonaparte, on that day, wore powder for the first time, and looked extremely well with it. The First Consul, however, laughed at her, and said that she was dressed to play the part of the *Countess of Escarbagnas*. This jest did not please her, and she pouted a little, which the First Consul perceived. 'Well!' said he, 'what is the matter? Are you afraid you shall want a beau? There is the Marquis of Carabas,' and he pointed at Junot, 'who will give you his arm.' Now, the First Consul had sometimes given this name to Junot and Marmont, but quite in good humour. 'It was,' said he, 'because they were so fond of ostentation.' Both laughed at it; and it was considered a good joke. But Madame Bonaparte did not follow this example; on the contrary, she assumed an air of vexation. This was not the way to please her husband, whose brow immediately contracted; he, however, took his glass, bowed, and, before he drank, said, 'To the health of the Countess of Escarbagnas.' The continuation of this *plaisanterie* brought tears into the eyes of Madame Bonaparte; and Napoleon, when he perceived it, was, I believe, sorry he had carried the jest so far. To make up matters, he again took his glass, and, with a wink, said to me, 'To the health of the Marchioness of Carabas.' We all laughed, and Madame Bonaparte among the rest, although her heart was full. But I was only sixteen and she forty! So far, the story concerns only me: but this is the sequel.

"Amongst Junot's comrades and the persons who surrounded the First Consul, there were individuals of two species. Courage was a common virtue; but, as for the rest, it was, as M. Bonard says, *quite another thing*. Now, the characteristic of one of these two species, was the want of readiness of comprehension; and an individual of this class thought it an admirable thing to repeat the First Consul's joke: but the imitation was clumsy. He was an excellent man, but railleury was not his forte; besides, Junot might have heard him, and from ridiculous, the matter would have become tragical. I therefore determined to put down the imitation, and to do it alone; and, after consulting my mother, effected it in the following manner.

"On the following day Junot, being Commandant of Paris, and not able to absent himself every day, was not at Malmaison, but he came the day after, and, as usual, the Marquis of Carabas was introduced. We were then on the bridge leading to the garden, and the First Consul was seated on the parapet. 'My dear,' said I to Junot, 'the first time we go to visit *your estates*, you must not forget one thing quite necessary for us to travel in state. If it be neglected, I certainly shall not go; and I am sure the General will approve of my determination.' What is this thing so necessary?" said Bonaparte. 'A puss in boots as a running footman,' replied I. Everybody laughingly protested against this; but I shall never forget the look of the First Consul. Again, addressing Junot, I added, with much assumed gravity, 'I have preserved a little toy given to me when a child, and, if you like, you shall have it as a pattern.' There was a great deal of laughter, but the matter went no further on that day. My seed had, however, been sowed in a good soil, and it bore

fruit. Some days after, being, one afternoon, in the gallery near the saloon, the *imitator*, with a vulgar laugh, began to talk about the *Marquisate*. I immediately looked at the First Consul, who, turning towards the individual, said very sharply, 'When you are again desirous of *doing* and *saying* as I do, choose your subjects better. You might, I think, imitate me in something else.' A quarter of an hour afterwards he came to me, and, having pinched my nose most dreadfully, said, 'You are witty, you little plague; but you are also malicious. Do not be so; for a woman always loses her charms when she becomes an object of dread.' From that moment, I heard nothing more of the *Marquisate*." 112—19.

Second Report on the Public Accounts of France, By John Bowring. Printed by Order of the House of Commons.

THIS, though last published, must be considered as introductory—here the principle is laid down and enforced by example. Together, these volumes form a very important work, and deserve to be attentively considered.

Remarks on the subject of Lactation. By Edward Morton, M.D. London, 1831. Longman.

THESE Remarks contain some new and excellent observations, and are worthy the attentive consideration of the profession.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

CHELSEA PENSIONERS READING THE GAZETTE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. Inscribed to David Wilkie and John Burnet.

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY.

THE golden gleam of a summer sun
Is lighting the elm-deck'd grove;
And the leaves of the old trees—every one—
Are stirred with a song they love;
For there bloweth a light breeze, whispering true,
Of the deeds they are doing at Waterloo!
The Chelsea veteran gathereth there,
Under the ancient sign;
His meteor-sword hath a stain of blood,
And his cheek is warm with wine,
Fame he had wooed as a glorious bride,
When she waved with his white plume, and
clung to his side!
His comrades flock to their favourite seat,
And their tale is of days gone by;
But their words—as weak as broken hearts—
Are stifled by many a sigh!
For they drink to those true friends who scorn'd
to yield,

And were left behind on the battle field!

But many a brighter say and song
Are gladdening all that scene;
And joy comes, like a singing bird,
To light the village green!
And groups are gathered 'neath those trees,
Round summer flowers—like summer bees!
The soldier! with his mark of war—
The medal on his breast!—
Star of the brave that decks him now,
When his sword is laid to rest!
And the iron sheath is worn away,
That was tenantless on the battle day!

The stripling too, that hath not sinn'd,
And so can laugh and sing!
Child, whom the world hath not yet touched,
Like a serpent, with its sting!
The young in hope—the conscience-free!
The beautiful in infancy!

And mothers too, whose measured love
Blends all the pure and mild,
And pours itself from one deep fount
On father and on child!
And ancient grandames just as glad,
And proud of charms their daughters had!

The young and old—the fair and brave,
Are congregated here;
And they all look out with an anxious gaze
Of mingled hope and fear!
As the wearied sailor looks for land,
When the bark speeds on and the gales are bland.
Now gaze again!—A lancer comes
With a spur in his courser's side,
That speeds towards th' expecting group
As a lover bounds to his bride!
He bringeth the news, and their hearts beat
high—

The news of a glorious victory!

Father, and brother, and betrothed—
The husband and the son!
That lancer bold hath a tale to tell
To the friends of every one.
'Their swords were bright—their hearts were
true—

They have won the field of WATERLOO!

Oh! when the heart is very glad,
It leaps like a little child
That is just released from a weary task,
With a spirit free and wild.
It fluttereth like a prisoned bird,
When tidings such as these are heard!

A low sound—like a murmured prayer!
Then, a cheer that rends the sky!
A loud huzza—like a people's shout
When a good king passeth by!—
As the roar of waves on an angry main
Breaks forth, and then all is mute again.

The Lancer looks in the Veteran's face,
And hands him the written scroll;
And the old man reads, with a quiv'ring voice,
The words of that muster-roll.
As they wake a smile, or force a sigh,
From many an anxious stander-by.

If the father's boy be laurel-crown'd,
He glories in his name;
If the mother hath lost her only son,
She little heeds his fame!
And the lonely girl, whose lover sleeps,
Droops in her beauty, and only weeps!

But if a few have blighted hopes,
And hearts forlorn and sad!
How many of that mingled group
Doth that great victory glad?
Who bless—for their dear sakes—the day
Whom toil and war kept far away!

If parting words—like arrows—fixed
In their breasts the barb of pain,
Now fancy—like a painter—draws
The welcome home again!
And some who ne'er held cup of bliss,
Sup full of happiness from this!

The Highland pipe is pouring out
Its music—like a stream!
And the sound of its startling revelry
Wakes many from a dream!
And now breaks forth another cry
Of overwhelming ecstasy!

The cup is filled, and the wine goes round,
And it foameth to the brim;
And young and old, and grave and gay,
All shout a health to him
Who brings these tidings glad and true—
Then—'WELLINGTON and WATERLOO!!'

'And those who fought, and those who fell,
And those who bravely died!
And those who bore our banners high,
And battled side by side!
And those whose hearts and swords were true
With WELLINGTON at WATERLOO!

I love to watch a group like this—
It is a glorious sight;
When the tide of feeling gushes forth
Like a sudden stream of light!
And joy falls on the human soul
Like nectar from a crystal bowl!

I love it! still I might not see
This scene of hopes and fears;
For it had passed with other days,
And vanished among years!
But as the welcome summer rain,
Makes with'ring flowers bloom again!—
So WILKIE'S genius, pure, and bright,
As tints that he hath drawn,
In colours delicately light
As morning's earliest dawn,
Yet rich as some deep vein of gold,
Doth all its loveliness unfold.
And here the figures live and breathe
In beauty at his will;
And all the Painter's art is here—
And all the Graver's skill!
WILKIE and BURNET both are true—
To WELLINGTON and WATERLOO!

THE CHOLERA.

FACTS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

THE medical faculty of Leipzig having recently assembled for the purpose of deliberating on the measures to be adopted on the appearance of the cholera, unanimously agreed to avail themselves of a new process, devised by a Dr. Hasper. It consists in the application of dry and heated air, which is to be introduced, by means of a small opening, into the patient's bed; and in the course of almost less than a minute, will raise the temperature between the clothes to eighty degrees of heat and upwards.

One of the chief objections to the rubbing and champoing system so strongly recommended, in order to restore the circulation, is the danger of bringing a sudden chill upon the patient, at a time when his frame must be peculiarly susceptible of atmospheric influence, even of the most trivial kind. We are glad, therefore, to see attention called to this point; and, without knowing what Dr. Hasper's process may be, it has been suggested to us, as a ready means for applying heat to the body, whilst the patient is lying under close and heavy coverlets, to have recourse to a simple pair of bellows. Let a pipe, either of metal or well-oiled leather, be secured to the orifice through which the bellows inhale the air; it must be of sufficient length to reach from the foot of the bed to the grate; and if the pipe be not of metal, its mouth, which is to be inserted into the grate, must obviously be of iron or other fire-proof substance, and it must be supplied with a circular guard of iron-wire, inserted four or five inches within the mouth, to prevent any hot cinders or ashes from being drawn in by the action of the bellows. The common valve within the orifice in the side of the bellows, which is usually of leather, should be a small metal-plate acting on a hinge; and the leathern folds between the sides of the bellows should be well saturated with oil. The pipe being now inserted in a cavity made in the hot ashes next the bars of the grate, the mouth of the bellows may be inserted at the foot of the bed, and the process of pumping in the hot air be easily effected. This contrivance may be applied equally where the use of vapour or steam is considered desirable.

We submit to non-contagionists or non-communicabilists, the following extract of a letter from Dr. Dalmas, a member of the late Board of Health at Warsaw, who visited the camp of Bolimow, for the purpose of observing minutely the effects of an anticipated collision between the Polish and Russian forces, at a time when numbers of the latter were known to be labouring under the cholera. "The Poles," says he, "were encamped, partly in an extensive forest behind the Rawka, and partly in front of that river, in a little wood. Both the wood and forest were extremely damp, and numbers of sick were sent away from both positions; but it is an extremely

remarkable circumstance, that all those sent out of the forest were suffering under cholera, whilst those sent out of the wood were labouring under acute fever. As soon as I learned this fact, I visited both spots, examined the sick, and satisfactorily ascertained the reality of what had been reported to me. I now set about inquiring into the cause. We had two woody sites, each equally damp; but the one large, and the other small; the former productive of cholera, and the latter, of intermittent fever. Whilst I was revolving these circumstances in my mind, I was informed by some officers of the staff, that the forest, which was traversed by the high-road, had been occupied for a while by the Russians; but this had not been the case with the wood, into which not one of them had set foot, for they had passed to the right of it; the under-wood was found untouched, and the grass had not been trampled down, when the Polish sharpshooters, who formed the extreme advanced posts, first took possession of it. As this little wood was an inestimable protection to them, and the enemy made no attempt to dislodge them from it, they held it eight days, and I paid frequent visits to the officer in command, on the spot itself. I had an opportunity, therefore, of inspecting it at my leisure, and can, from my personal experience, affirm, not only that not a single choleric patient came out of it, but that every one of those attacked by the pestilence was brought out of the forest. Is not this a fact of the highest moment, and an undeniable proof, that the forest had been infected by the sojourn of the Russian troops?"

We can assure our readers, on indisputable authority, that the cholera is regarded in the Austrian and Prussian capitals with comparative indifference, and that the strongest feeling is indignation against those weak men who have endeavoured to render it a stalking-horse for popular alarm. That a similar feeling prevails at Hamburgh is apparent from the subjoined passage in a letter from a most respectable individual in that city, dated on the 29th of last month—"No alteration has been made here, except in the hours for holding the Exchange, and for despatching the mail; indeed, one should almost be led to doubt whether such a thing as an epidemic was amongst our visitors. The disease evinces a keen partiality for the wretched creatures, whose dissolute conduct, drunkenness, and vagabond way of life predispose them to imbibe it." To these "words of comfort" we may add, that, at St. Petersburg, according to advices of the 22nd of last month, the cholera had subsided, after carrying off 4701 individuals out of a population of 461,000! Would none of these have died a natural death during the ten weeks of this choleric infection? With all this, we remain the advocates of rational precautions, the most efficient of which are sobriety, cleanliness, and the avoiding of unwholesome food.

On a pretty accurate calculation, it has been computed, that no fewer than 226 publications on the subject of the cholera have issued from the English and continental presses during the last few months. Our table is again covered, and we must make another effort at clearing it.

THE "CONVERSAZIONE."

[ONCE more our readers must be troubled on this subject. Mr. Alaric Watts requests it, and we cannot refuse, although, had he been within reach, kind good wishes would have induced us to delay the publication, that he might have reconsidered his letter.—Again, Mr. Watts is building up opinions founded on the gossip to which he so readily lends an ear: we, it appears, rated Mr. Bulwer, because his testimony was not quite so favourable to Mr. Picken as we desired—an insinuation founded on a report we know to be current, that Mr. Picken is a principal contributor to the Athenæum. Now, what is the fact?—Mr. Watts's letter, in this day's paper, is more than Mr. Picken's contributions for the last six months all put together, his two letters included.

We doubt, indeed, if we have seen his handwriting these six months, except on this occasion. As to rating Mr. Bulwer, it was the offence and affectation of his own popinjay letter that stirred our blood: it smelt of attar of roses and my lady's boudoir, and would better have become a waiting gentlewoman than an English gentleman.—Again, where have we "eulogized the disgraceful personalities" of Fraser? We have twenty times protested against all personality and equality, whether in Fraser's Magazine or Watts's 'Conversazione'—but having stated our objection, we are not to shut our eyes to the merit of that work. The very passage referred to alludes to the offence—"Fraser this month, amid all his nonsense and bitterness, has several excellent papers, grave, serious, and learned." As to our personal dislike of Mr. Watts, just the contrary is the fact. When we embarked in the Athenæum, he was one of the few literary men who, sick and weary as they all were of booksellers' critics, seemed willing to put trust in our integrity; he gave us good hope and good counsel; and we acknowledge this readily, notwithstanding the "personalities" of the 'Conversazione.'

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Paris, Nov. 13, 1831.

Sir,—I have just seen the correspondence which has been published in your Journal, on the subject of 'The Conversazione': and I sympathize with you in the "pain" you will feel in having occasion to revert (for, I believe, the fifth or sixth time) to so disagreeable a topic. You will, I hope, pardon me, if I accuse you of not having acted, upon this occasion, with the impartiality for which you desire to have credit. As a literary umpire, (although self-elected,) you should not have summed up in the absence of all testimony on the part of the defence, and without having first read, with due care, the paragraph you condemn: still less should you have rated the unwilling witness of the complainant, because his testimony happened to be not quite so favourable to his case as could have been wished. The fairer course would surely have been, to have left the inferences to your readers, instead of exchanging the character of judge for that of partisan, and deducing them yourself. Had Mr. Picken had the candour to extract the "slandorous passage," which he "considers" to convey an "atrocious imputation upon his character," I might safely have rested for my justification on the reluctant testimony he has extorted from Mr. Bulwer;—as it is, I expect from your "independence" the permission to make a few remarks in reply; as a preliminary to which, I must, I believe, "frighten you from your propriety," by requesting the publication of not only the offensive note, but also the text to which it is appended, in order that your readers may, if possible, penetrate the reasons which have led this very sensitive collaborateur of Fraser's Magazine to appropriate the grave imputations contained in them to himself:—

"And near to them, from Cork's gay city,
Two funny rogues who do the witty,
Inspired by gin and true 'potheen',
For Mister Fraser's Magazine."

"The Scotch contributor to this work, who volunteered his services to the Literary Souvenir, with the promise of a favourable review in the Magazine if they were received, and who, by a trick, obtained admission to Mr. Bulwer's house, for the purpose of lampooning that gentleman, had better keep his tongue from evil-bewould, if he would avoid the chastisement due to such offences, for the future!"

The latter half of the note Mr. Picken "finds" is "generally understood" to apply to him, and to any one of the eight or ten Scotch contributors to the work; although it contains no mention of his name, and is distant some dozen pages from the allusion to the extravagant puff of his 'Club Book.' Of the former part of the paragraph, containing by far the most injurious half of the charge, if incorrect, he says nothing. If he has a perfect consciousness that he has not been guilty of the conduct therein imputed, what business has he to make so great a hubbub? If, on the other hand, he appropriates to himself one of the twin imputations, why does he not attempt to rebut the other? Why the passage of which he complains has been referred to him, Mr. Bulwer's letter sufficiently explains: it is quite certain that the "general understanding" has not originated in any declaration of mine, public or private. Mr. Bulwer appears to have entertained his own impressions of the affair, and to have communicated them to his friends. I do not find, however, from his letter, that he mentioned his suspicions in the "confidence of private society." The solution of the enigma of how my remarks came to be referred to Mr. Picken, is therefore not difficult. Had he applied to me direct, as, in spite of my temporary absence, he was aware he might have done, I would have satisfied his doubts without hesitation; although I dispute the right of any "avowed" associate of a set of anonymous slanderers, to prefer such an inquiry. He has thought proper to adopt a different course, and must therefore rely on the "diligence," of which he speaks, for his exculpation.

Mr. Bulwer declares his belief, that the person represented to have written about him in Fraser never visited his house with his knowledge; and suggests that if he did visit it at all, it must have been under the auspices of his servants.

Both Mr. Bulwer and Mr. Picken are, however, mistaken in supposing that the peccant paragraph pointed necessarily at the WRITER of the articles to which it alludes. It was "evil-speaking," which formed the chief ground of my contention. I referred to a person "generally understood" to be the *mouth* of a scandalous periodical;—the "familiar" who supplies the rough *matériel* of slander, that is afterwards wrought out by more skilful hands—one who, as occasion may serve, can "stand."

'Sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy.'

That there is a person connected with the Magazine in question, who is fully capable of outraging the laws of good-breeding and hospitality, in the manner I have described, my own personal experience warrants me in affirming. It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Picken's declared connexion with such people should have subjected him to the disagreeable imputations of which he complains. *Nosctur a sociis* is an old adage; and it is no wonder he should have been judged of by his.

A few more words, and I have done. Mr. Picken talks of my having "sat at the same table with him, apparently as his friend." This I must deny. I have enough knowledge of the world not to form friendships on so very slight an acquaintance as I have hitherto had with Mr. Picken; and I am too blunt to affect a sentiment I do not feel. I have, it is true, met him on one or two occasions at mixed literary parties, and he has once called, uninvited however by me, at my house. By a singular coincidence I, too, was the object of a scurrilous attack in *Fraser's Magazine*, a short time after his visit! Mr. P. refers to a private conversation at the house of an acquaintance—I am sorry that he has done so, because he compels me to refer to it also. I perfectly remember his affirming, that Mr. Jerdan had sent a contribution, unasked, to his publishers, for the 'CLUB BOOK,' and had desired that its price (fixed by himself) might be sent to him the next day, if approved. I cannot undertake to repeat the exact words; but the inference to be drawn from what Mr. P. said, was, that he and his publishers, "dreading the deep damnation" of so great a critic, *and no alternative but to comply with Mr. J.'s wishes.* The book was highly praised in the *Literary Gazette*, and the article in question extracted as a specimen. On making some further inquiries on the subject, I had reason to believe that Mr. Picken's statement was in some measure incorrect. At all events, it was ungrateful, as he is, I believe, an "intimate" of the aforesaid gentleman. Another statement which he attributed to Mr. Allan Cunningham, in which I felt, at the moment, it was impossible that that gentleman could have indulged, led me to infer that he was, in the mere exuberance of his wit, only practising upon my credulity. He certainly mentioned the names of several persons who had written gratuitously for his work. Had it however been entirely composed of such contributions, it would only have proved the "warrior" of the "friendship" of which he boasts of being the object. Certainly the casual remark complained of on the subject of eulogistic contributions, contains nothing either "atrocious" or "slandrous." I suspect, after all, that Mr. Picken, like Sir Prefet Plagiary, is rather *pleased*, than otherwise, at the notice he has obtained.

The pure sarcasm which pervades Mr. Bulwer's letter, seems to have rendered you blind to the "affliction" of Mr. Picken's pretending to refer, for the first time, to the article in *Fraser*, describing Mr. B.'s library; as well as to the scandalous personalities in the very number of the Magazine you have so recently eulogized. These are anomalies I do not pretend to understand.

Having granted space, as a matter of justice, to my notice of the silly vapouring of your correspondent, allow me to claim your indulgence for a few lines wholly unconnected with his supposed wrongs; which, even though he should fill your next paper with his expostulations, will provoke no further comment from me. The Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, (de-vant Editor of the *Scourge* or *Satirist*, I forget which,) and the collaborators of *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Court Journal*, have all borne their testimony against me on the score of "personality." The measure of my condemnation, however, will not be complete until the *Age* newspaper has ratified their decree! You, also, Mr. Editor, have given vent to your disapprobation; and I am the less disposed to quarrel with you for your opinions, which I doubt not are honestly meant, inasmuch as the only regret I experience in having published that poem at all, arises from the manner (although I felt myself justified at the time) in which I have spoken of a near friend and valuable contributor to your work, Mr. Allan Cunningham. Of literary productions every one has a right to state his opinion; but a communication which I have received from him, as to the very limited extent of his contributions to several of the works with which I have associated his name, has convinced me that I have done him wrong in supposing

§ There were two other gentlemen, parties to the conversation, who have it in their power to confirm what I have said.

¶ In his short notice of the Conversation, this respectable person has made no less than three mis-statements, assertions so obviously at variance with fact, that he must have hazarded them *knowing them to be false*, on the mere chance that I should treat them with the contempt with which most of his asseverations are now received.

him to have been actuated by any desire to extend his influence with the press by such means; and if he has been somewhat extravagant in his encomiums upon James Hogg, the motives you have ascribed to him afford an abundant excuse. Whatever personal provocation I may have believed I have received at his hands, and whatever ill-temper may have been created by the "slandrous gossip" of such persons as your last week's correspondent, they are all merged in the pain I feel at having done him the slightest injustice. This declaration, entirely spontaneous on my part, will, I hope, convince you that I am not unwilling to correct an unintentional misrepresentation as soon as I become convinced of my error.

You accuse me of vague charges against periodical literature in general. So far from my having deserved this censure, however, I have limited my charges of "corruptness" and "personality" to a very small proportion of the press;—how justly, those disinterested witnesses who have watched its progress for the last few years, can best determine. The *shameless* venality of the *Literary Gazette*, and the low personality of *Fraser*, will scarcely, I suppose, be disputed by any save the parties concerned. Can you tell me how it is possible to disconnect such people from their writings, or to mention them without something like a feeling of indignation? Yet, although you are not slow to denounce the corruption of one of these *Arcades ombu*, you do not hesitate to eulogize the disgraceful personalities of the other. You are wrong, however, in supposing I intended to include the *Athenæum* in my censure, although, had I believed you deserved it, the fear of a vindictive attack in return, would not have deterred me. You plead guilty to the principal charge I have to bring against you, and the eagerness you have manifested to condemn in me what you have praised in others, affords proof that "private prejudice" does *sometimes* influence your censure as well as your praise. The knowledge, in your own person, that even a critic honestly disposed, may be in some measure biased by this infirmity, will, I trust, induce you for the future to show a little more charity towards the objects of your dislike.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
ALABIC A. WATTS.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

OUR crop of ANNUALS is now completely reaped and housed; and the ground is cleared off, and prepared for any adventurer who may be bold enough to sow in these vacillating and stormy times. The public depression, attributed by one faction to the refusal of reform, and by the other, to the introduction of the measure, still continues; cheap books alone are published, and, during the present political pest, cheap books alone will be purchased; for no man can expect to read a large work leisurely through, when the very ground under his feet seems to have a touch of the earthquake, and high houses threaten to topple down and crush ordinary people in the rubbish. Men, who in former palmy times, boldly launched their first-rate quarto, are now content to push their cock-boat along the shore, and close by the land—in truth, till the great question of reform is settled, we need look for no commanding works in either literature or art. A bold man, like Mr. Galt, may announce a life of the late Lord Londonderry, but no timid adventurer need try to come forward: magazines may change editors, newspapers their proprietors, reviews their contributors, and booksellers may have faith in rich or official authors; but the great market of literature will not open its gates full and wide, till the public mind is settled—and perhaps not then.

In art, we will relate what we know—or at least what we can with propriety tell. Wilkie is at Brighton, painting a portrait of the King. In the portraits of Wilkie, there is something more of sentiment, than in those of any other living painter—they are not sitting for their portraits, but have an air of motion and action in them. His colouring has been censured—it is deep and vigorous—he must not be alarmed at the remarks of his brethren—the country is with him. A

very clever bust in marble, of Prince George of Cumberland, has just been finished by Legrev—one of the few pupils of Chantrey; it is very natural and graceful, and there is a sweetness about the expression, and a neatness in the workmanship of the mouth, which particularly struck us. Baily and Westmacott, we hear, have had orders to send in the works which they were carving for Buckingham Palace—an order which has not extended to some other artists employed on similar things.

We have just seen a very manly head of Byron, for Murray's forthcoming edition of the poet; it is engraved by Edwards, from Phillips's portrait, and is the cleverest head we have yet seen of the author of 'Childe Harold.' A portrait of another stamp has also just appeared from the same graver—we mean that of Buckle, the famous jockey; it is at once vigorous and natural, and, we hear, so remarkably like, that we have no doubt it will find its way into the hands of every man who can back a horse or halloo to a bound.

We noticed some time since, that the managers of some American theatres had offered rewards for the best tragedies. One of the successful works, 'The Gladiator,' by Dr. Bird, has been lately produced with success at New York—another, 'Waldimar,' is announced as forthcoming—and at Philadelphia, 'The Moorish Bride,' which obtained the award of five hundred dollars, and was written by a lady, is to be instantly produced. We presume the experiment has been successful, as by late arrivals, we perceive, that another manager, now offers a reward of fifty dollars for an opening address.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 14.—The first meeting of the season took place at the rooms of the Horticultural Society, in Regent Street. The President of the Society, Lord Goderich, took the chair at the usual hour.

A paper entitled, "Is the Quorra, which has lately been traced to its discharge into the sea, the same river as the Nigir of the Ancients?" by Lieut.-Colonel W. M. Lenke, was read.

In this important paper, Colonel Leake observes, that on the whole subject it would have been sufficient to refer to D'Anville and Rennell, who favour the affirmative of the question; and, on the opposite side, to M. Walckenaer, who, of all late writers, has examined it with the greatest diligence, had not recent discoveries furnished us with better grounds for forming a conclusive opinion, than even the latest of those authors possessed. Maritime surveys have now completed a correct outline of northern Africa—Major Laing, by ascertaining the source of the Quorra to be not more than 1600 feet above the sea, proved that it could not flow to the Nile—Denham and Clapperton demonstrated that it did not discharge itself into the lake of Bornou—and at length its real termination in a delta, at the head of the great gulf of the western coast of Africa, has rewarded the perseverance of the British government, and the courage and enterprise of its servants.—It is curious to observe, says Colonel Leake, how the best collectors of oral information in that country have failed in arriving at the truth as to the origin, course, and termination of the rivers. Edrisi, Abulfeda, Leo Africanus, Delisle, and Bruce, were all of opinion that the Quorra flowed from east to west. Burckhardt, whose inquiries on Bornou have proved so correct, concluded that the Shary flowed from N.E. to S.W.; and

Lyon, though particularly successful in his information on the countries not visited by him, was induced to confound the Shary of Bornou with the Tjad or Yeu, and, like Sultan Bello, to carry the Quorra, after passing Youri and Funda, into the Lake Tjad, and from thence to Egypt. The most intelligent natives are confused when questioned on the subject of rivers; while the generality, unable to understand the object or utility of such inquiries, can neither inform the traveller whether the two streams are different rivers, or part of the same—where any river rises, or whither it flows—and seem often to believe that all the lakes and streams of Africa are parts of one and the same water. It is not surprising, therefore, that the ancients, as well as the moderns, having heard that a large river flowed to the east, should have supposed that it was a branch of the Nile of Egypt; or that, when the existence of a great lake in the direction of its stream became known, the opinion should have been formed that the river terminated in that lake, or that it was discharged through the lake into the Nile. Such, consequently, have been the prevalent opinions in all ages, even among the most intelligent foreigners, as well as the highest class of natives, from Herodotus, Etearchus, and Juba, to Ibn Batuta and Bello of Sakatoo.

Colonel Leake also observes, that the late discovery in no way affects the question, as to the identity of the Quorra and Nigir. The only passage in history, more ancient than the time of the Roman empire, from which an inference can be drawn that the Quorra was then known, is the description given by Herodotus, of a very remarkable journey of discovery undertaken, in his time, by some of the Nasamones—a tribe who dwelt near the Syrtis, and who held the Oasis of Augila in their dependence. Some of the sons of the chief men of the tribe, having formed an association for the purpose of discovering new countries in the Libyan desert, five of them, chosen by lot, and furnished with every requisite, set out on this perilous enterprise.—After having passed through the *οικουμένη*, or inhabited region, and the *θηριώδης*, or country of wild beasts, which lay beyond it, they traversed, during many days, the great sandy desert in a westerly direction, until they arrived in a country inhabited by men of a low stature, who conducted them through extensive marshes to a city built on a great river, which produced crocodiles, and which flowed towards the rising sun.

Colonel Leake concludes, that the country, from which the Nasamones took their departure, was that of Fezzan; and that from Bilma, or some of the Oases, a course, not more southerly than W. S. W., would have carried them to a part of the Djoliba, or Quorra, where, after having for a great distance flowed to the north, it has an easterly course; and where the marshes which they crossed may have been some inundation, or enlargement, which then existed, and may perhaps still exist, as that part of the stream remains to be examined. We learn from Caillié how very subject the plains adjacent to the Quorra are to such inundations. That the Nasamones really reached this river, is strongly argued from the fact that the Quorra not only agrees with the data of Herodotus, but is the only river in North Africa that does so agree in being at once large, abounding in crocodiles, and flowing from west to east, through a country inhabited by black men.

Col. Leake is also of opinion that the Egyptian armies under the Pharaohs, had penetrated into Soudan to the south of the great desert, and proceeds with a review of the knowledge which the Romans possessed of Northern Africa. He alludes particularly to the expeditions of Septimius Flaccus and Julius Maternus, whose accounts are curiously illustrated by the discoveries of

Lyon, Denham, and Clapperton. Ptolemy alludes to the rhinoceros abounding in *Agisymba* or Bornou, which, however, does not accord with Denham; but the disappearance of this animal he attributes to the progress of the human race. Colonel Leake then takes a comprehensive view of Ptolemy's geography of Northern Africa, and satisfactorily identifies the course of his *Nigir* with that of the Quorra. He states that the *Thamondocana*, one of the towns of Ptolemy, exactly coincides with Timbuktu, as recently laid down by M. Jomard, from the itinerary of M. Caillié; that the length of the course of the river, resulting from Ptolemy's positions, is nearly equal to that of the Quorra, so far as the mountains of Kong, with the addition of the Shadda, or Shary of Funda, and that his position of *Mount Thala*, at the south-eastern extremity of the *Nigir*, is very near that in which we may suppose the Shadda to have its origin: so that it would seem as if Ptolemy, like Bello and other modern Africans, had considered the Shadda as a continuation of the main river, though he knew the Egyptian Nile too well to fall into the modern error of supposing the *Nigir* to be a branch of the Nile. The mountains of Kong, and the passage of the river through them, at right angles to their direction, formed the limits of the geographer's knowledge; in like manner as among ourselves the known existence of those mountains has been the chief obstacle to a belief that the river terminated in the Atlantic. Colonel Leake then cites Walckenaer's opinion on the question of the Djoliba and the *Nigir* being the same river, and examines the grounds on which it was formed.

Respecting the meaning of the word *Nigir*, Colonel Leake observes that it is nothing more than a generic word signifying river or water.

Of the Lake Tjad, that many persons are of opinion that the freshness of the water in this lake, is a proof of its having a stream flowing from it; on the principle, that as all rivers hold saline particles in solution, the saltiness of the lake will continually increase if there be no expenditure but by evaporation. But although the theory may be correct, although lakes without outlets, having steep margins, which prevent any enlargement of surface may thus become strongly impregnated with salt, shallow lakes formed by periodical inundations, like the greater part of those in North Africa, may be very differently affected. Here a great part of the salt, being left on the margin, as the evaporation takes place, is absorbed by the vegetation, while the salt in the permanent part of the lake, will keep that water at the bottom by its weight when the inundation takes place, or at least will cause it to be only partially mixed with the new supply; so that the upper surface of the lake will be always nearly, if not quite, as fresh as the river which forms it. Colonel Leake then alludes to several lakes in support of this argument, which are known to exhibit this phenomenon. After making some interesting observations on the orography of Africa, deduced from the observations of travellers on the sources and directions of the rivers, Colonel Leake concludes by stating, that although the knowledge of the interior of Africa now possessed by the civilized world, is the progressive acquisition of many enterprising men, to all of whom we are deeply indebted, it cannot be denied that the last great discovery has done more than any other to place the outline of African geography on a basis of certainty. When to this is added the consideration, that it opens a maritime communication into the centre of the continent, it may be described as the greatest geographical discovery that has been made since that of New Holland. Thrice during the last thirty years it has been on the eve of accomplishment: first, when Hornemann had arrived from Fezzan at Nyffe; secondly,

when Parke had navigated the Quorra as far as Bussa; and lastly, when Tuckey, supplied with all possible means for prosecuting researches by water, was unfortunately sent to the Congo, although the existence of cataracts not far from the sea was already known to the Portuguese, instead of being sent to explore the mouths of the *Nigir*.

On the conclusion of the above paper, Mr. Buckingham offered some very interesting observations to the Society. In allusion to the progress of the Egyptian armies to the south, he observed, that the hieroglyphicks found on some of the pyramids were undoubtedly records of the same, and that they also made reference to a great river to the south, full of crocodiles. Respecting the disappearance of the rhinoceros, Mr. Buckingham observed, that the scarcity of this animal now was not surprising, when it is considered that the horn of it is held in peculiar estimation by the Arabs. It is particularly used for the handles of their swords, and a wound made with a sword the handle of which was formed of the horn of a rhinoceros was considered more dangerous than one with any other sort of handle: moreover, that these people believed that the horn of a rhinoceros, applied to a wound, had the effect of healing it quickly.

The President then addressed the meeting, stating that there were now two objects for which a general meeting had been called. The first, was that of bestowing the premium which His most gracious Majesty had placed at the disposal of the Society, on the individual whose persevering exertions had done honour to his name, and united it with African geography, by his discovery of the termination of the Quorra. His Lordship then adverted in most handsome terms to the circumstances under which it had been effected, without the advantages of a school education, or those which he might have derived from high birth; but, with a firmness of mind, which keeps only in view the object undertaken, and which it is the peculiar good fortune of many of our countrymen to possess, Lander had overcome every difficulty, and was now reaping the reward for that discovery which is before the world. His Lordship remarked, that this was the first occasion on which His Majesty's most gracious bounty had been placed at the Society's disposal, and that the Council had considered, that it could not be more properly bestowed than on Lander, which he trusted would meet with the approbation of the Society. The successful traveller then received the premium from his Lordship amidst unequivocal marks of approbation from all that were present.

The President next informed the Society, that the African Association had sought to be incorporated with the Geographical Society, and that the Council had accepted the proposal. The only members consisted of Lord Clive and three other gentlemen, the rest having already become members of the Geographical Society. It only remained for the Society to confirm the act of the Council, and he trusted that they would with him consider as an honour, the junction of this body with the Geographical Society.

The following gentlemen were then proposed for admission, after which the meeting adjourned:—H. Blanshard, Esq., H. W. Craufurd, Esq., R. Blanshard, Esq., Lieut.-Col. Fraser, Hon. E. C. H. Herbert.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 17.—John William Lubbock, Esq., Vice-President and Treasurer, in the Chair.—The following papers were read:—"Researches on Physical Astronomy," and "On the Theory of the Moon;" by John William Lubbock, Esq.; and "On the Structure of the Human Placenta, and its connexion with the Uterus;" by Robert Lee, M.D., F.R.S., physician to the

British Lying-in Hospital. William Wilkins, and Griffith Davies, Esqrs., were admitted, and Archibald John Stephens, Esq., was proposed.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 16.—Roderick Impey Murkison, Esq., President, in the Chair.—Lord Ernest Bruce, and Marten Tupper, Esq., were elected Fellows.—A paper by Mr. Dunn was first read, on a gigantic species of *Plesiosaurus*, found in the Lias shale of Whitby, and now in the Scarborough Museum.

A letter was then read from Count Montlosier, For. Mem. G. S., addressed to the President and Fellows, on the modern and ancient states of Mount Vesuvius; and on the origin of the crater-lakes of the Eifel and of Auvergne.

Among the presents laid upon the table, was a donation from Miss Gurney, of North Kepps Cottage, to the President, and from him to the Society, of various bones of the fossil Elephant, found on the coast of Norfolk, between Cremer and Happisburgh, some of which were of gigantic size.

Among the additions to the Library, were three productions from the pen of M. Necker (de Saussure), For. Mem. G. S., who was present, and Baron Humboldt's new work, "Fragments de Geologie et Climatologie Antique."

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society had their first meeting on Monday the 7th inst., at their apartments, No. 10, Pantion-square, Dr. Elliotson, the President, in the Chair.—Dr. Crane, and Edmund Symes, Esq., were proposed as ordinary members, and Dr. Wright, of Damascus, as corresponding member of the Society. The President read a paper on two attacks that had been made on phrenology, since the last Session, by the Editor of the *Literary Gazette* and Dr. Ryan; the first arose from a misconception of an article that had appeared in the *Edinburgh Phrenological Journal*, respecting experiments on living animals, which, instead of being those of a phrenologist, were those of M. Majendie, a determined opponent. Dr. Elliotson stated, that he had in a letter explained the point to the Editor of the *Gazette*, but he declined inserting his correction. In regard to the attack of Dr. Ryan, it was considered by the phrenologists present, that he was clearly and satisfactorily proved to be wrong in all his arguments, as well as totally ignorant of the fundamental principles of the science.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 15.—A paper was read containing "the results of some experiments tried in the garden of the Society, upon the growth of potatoes," a communication which abounded with very useful information, as regards the cultivation of that root, and by following the system pursued by its projector, T. A. Knight, Esq., and confirmed by the experiments detailed, it seems pretty certain, that an exceedingly productive crop will be insured, in some instances to the amount of three times what is now generally considered satisfactory.

The exhibition included an Antigua Queen Pine-apple; fruit of the Service-tree; pears; varieties of Kohl-rabi; Chrysanthemums; and upwards of forty sorts of Capsicums and Chillies.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

So great has been the interest excited by the discussion on the Cholera Morbus, that the Committee, for the better accommodation of the members, have transferred their meeting *pro tempore*, to the Old Hunterian Museum, Great Windmill-street.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Phrenological Society Eight, P.M. Medical Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	Medico-Chirurgical Society. } past 8, P.M.
WEDNES.	Society of Arts } past 7, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society } past 8, P.M. Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M.
SATURD.	Westminster Medical Society, Eight, P.M.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

NOTHING particular has taken place at this house during the present week, except the production of something which was called 'The Days of Athens,' and described as a "classical" entertainment. It was an exhibition, of which Mr. Ducrow was the principal feature, and served for little but to give another proof, that the national theatres are creeping more and more out of the legitimate drama, and flying for refuge to increased show and spectacle. It is urged, that they are compelled, in self-defence, to do this; and, as it has unfortunately been proved that the legitimate drama, properly, or even commonly so called, will not now fill their benches, it is perhaps unreasonable to be too hasty in condemning those, who have to meet so heavy an outlay, for making any attempt, however desperate, to indemnify themselves. We think, however, that there are better modes for them to arrive at so desirable an end.

It would occupy too much space were we to say all, or half, of what we have to say upon this subject, but, supposing our theory to be correct, it can never be put to practical proof, until there is a complete understanding, and a thorough determination to pull together, between Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Endeavours have frequently been made to bring this about; but something or other has always defeated them. We place the fault nowhere; but experience shows that the misfortune is common to both. That which should follow the good understanding alluded to, should be, as we think, in the first instance, an arrangement as to the sort of performances to be given at each house. The one taking tragedy and comedy, and the other opera. By these means the managers would avoid the necessity they are now under, of each maintaining three companies; and, even in the present dearth of theatrical talent, the consolidation would enable the distinct departments undertaken by each house to be respectably and in all probability attractively filled. But we are wandering from Mr. Ducrow and 'The Days of Athens.' We have but little to say now we have returned, and as the thing was a failure, perhaps, the less we say the better. Mr. Ducrow is a remarkably clever man in his way, the style of exhibition by which he has earned his fame is well known, and the execution of such a part as the one he took upon this occasion might be very properly entrusted to him. We cannot think that he ought to be responsible for the classical, or rather unclassical blunders exhibited. If the entertainment were of his own compiling, surely there should be some one about a National Theatre with sufficient information to keep it at least clear of errors. It is now withdrawn, and therefore we should perhaps not have mentioned it, but that we never miss an opportunity of reminding the thoughtless part of the public, of the cruelty and vulgarity of hissing those who are exerting themselves to amuse them, but who unfortunately fail to do so. An outrage upon decency, either on the part of an author or an actor, is the only offence which ought to be thus visited. Absence of applause, is a sufficiently intelligible hint, both to actors and managers.

COVENT GARDEN.

NOT being of the class who cry out "upon principle," as Mr. Liston says in 'Gervase Skinner,' against a translation, because *it is* a translation, and being content to like a piece, if it is good, without caring from what source it has been drawn, we have been hoping (occasionally) ever since we read 'Le Diplomate,' which is now some few years, that one of our best dramatists would take it in hand. Mr. Kenney has answered our call (without hearing it), and the piece he has produced upon this excellent subject has answered, in a great degree, our expectations. It was a very difficult one to transfer effectively to our stage, but Mr. Kenney's tact and experience have been brought to bear upon it, and the result is extremely pleasing. The plot turns upon the dilemmas of a man who arrives at one of the small German courts upon private business, but who, being supposed by various people to have come there upon a secret mission of state, is made a confidant in turn by them all, upon matters of business and intrigue, which he does not understand—becomes a principal agent in all sorts of important matters without knowing why or wherefore, and finally receives the thanks and congratulations of all parties, for the successful issue of his exertions in their behalf, he being, at the close of the farce, in the same state of ignorance in which he started. At the end the *Grand Duke* announces, that his determinations and arrangements consequent upon the events which have taken place, will all appear in the *Gazette* of "to-morrow," and the chance-made Ambassador congratulates himself that, at least, "to-morrow" he shall know all about it. This, we know, from having read the French original, and the audience might have known it too, if the universal rush to cloaks and hats, as soon as they saw the end approaching, had not prevented them. We mention this for the information of those who were there, many of whom must have had occasion to say to themselves after they got home, "By the bye, I wonder how it ended." Much difficulty must have been experienced by Mr. Kenney in the writing of 'The Irish Ambassador,' because, the perplexing situations in which the said Ambassador is repeatedly placed, are all of the same nature, and he has over and over again to express similar feelings in, of course, dissimilar language. It is here that the skill of this experienced dramatist has been shown, and we are happy to report, that it was acknowledged and rewarded by the house. Mr. Power acted the principal part extremely well, but, though very much of a gentleman off the stage, he is not, to our thinking, the Irish Gentleman on it. There was more of humour than of high breeding in his bearing, particularly towards the ladies. Still, he was very clever generally, and, in many parts, remarkably so. Mr. Bartley was particularly amusing, but he rather caricatured his part, which, even in the writing, is something over-charged. Miss Ellen Tree and Miss Taylor, though they had not much to do, contributed their best to the general effect. The same may be said of Mr. Abbott and Mr. F. Matthews. A little bit of a character with half a dozen lines was ably filled and brought out by Mr. Barnes, and the applause he received at his exit, offered a very proper encouragement to the subordinate persons in the theatre, to do the little they have to do carefully and attentively. As the treasury of this theatre is perhaps not very full just now, we must not be severe upon the absurd dresses of the Prince's hunting companions; but we may ask why they were all twenty brought into the drawing room at the end of the first act, because it surely would have cost nothing to keep them out; and we will suggest to Mr. Abbott that German Princes are not likely to go to a royal hunt in blue surt-out coats, white trowsers, and Wellington boots.

There was much applause at the end of 'The Irish Ambassador,' and we recommend it to general attention.

We have been much amused by the announcement in the bills at the house of a young lady, "pupil of Mr. Tom Welsh." Mr. Kemble's name was John certainly, and Mrs. Siddons's Sarah, and they were doubtless at times called in their own families by the more familiar variations of such names; but still we never remember to have seen in the bills "Macbeth by Mr. Jack Kemble," or "Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Sally Siddons."

THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS.

[The following spirited paper is from the U.S. *Winchester Republican*.]

The New York daily papers are cutting each other's throats for the benefit of the public. In old times a ship used to come from the ocean in a quiet unassuming way, pass through the Narrows without molestation, and arrive at the wharf in a respectable manner. The captain, after seeing the vessel well fastened, and serving a glass of grog all round—would jump ashore, take a moderate run up to his house, kiss his wife and children, shake hands with his neighbours, and then return to carry his letters and papers to the post-office. In a day or two the New York papers would furnish their readers with half a dozen items of foreign news—the people were satisfied, and there was an end of the matter. But "the march of intellect" has set them all daft. In an evil hour, our esteemed friend of the *Gazette*,† bought a little boat, and hired a little man to row it down the broad and beautiful bay of New York every day on a voyage of discovery; and every evening the little traveller would return with a report of the news brought by foreign vessels anchored at the quarantine ground. To add to the astonishment of the people, this news would actually be published in the next morning's papers. The *Mercantile Advertiser* was guilty of a similar enormity—and the consequences were, that their compositors were sometimes obliged to work as late as eleven o'clock at night. These irregular hours shortened human life somewhat; it took about seven years then to kill a journeyman printer.

The proceedings were equally quiet on the other side of the Atlantic. A few papers from the principal towns and sea-ports—the last London *Sun* and *Standard*, and perhaps one sheet from the *Courier* office and one from the *Chronicle*—were deemed amply sufficient to enlighten the western continent. But now—heaven save the ship, as she lies at the Liverpool wharf! First must be gathered the Liverpool newspapers, proper; then in roll the London mails—two cart-loads more, at least. The rail-road groans and squeals under the ponderous masses that hurry on in time for the just sailing packet; the boatman, as they push down the Mersey, cross themselves, and pray they may not go to the bottom with their double cargo of editorial wisdom; every city, town, village, and hamlet, pours forth its drop to swell the general torrent. The porters fret—the sailors swear—the captain sighs for the days of his grandfather. The anchor is weighed, and the sails are set, and at last they are off.

But not to rest, has been decreed by Mr. Willmer, the Liverpool agent of the New York papers. Alas, poorinfatuated crew!—they think,

†The following note is added by a New York paper:—"Before the *Journal of Commerce* procured a news-schooner, about three years since, for its own exclusive benefit, the whole expense incurred by the morning papers in collecting ship news, amounted to about 5000l. per annum. Since that date, till very recently, it has amounted to about 2000l. per annum. Within a few weeks past the business has taken a new start, and at present there are actually six news schooners afloat, besides various small boats at the aggregate expense of at least 3000l. per annum; or ten times the original amount."

because some few waves roll between them and trouble, they are safe.—Not so:—scarcely do they begin to draw a little comfortable breath, before a speck is described in the distance behind. Nearer and nearer, on they come—a host of little streamers. A fresh supply of gossip has reached Liverpool since they left there, and they are absolutely chased out on the ocean with another boat-load of news!

The Atlantic, though 3000 miles wide, is but a step across in a brisk gale; lucky is he that is becalmed on the way, for he has some slight opportunity of putting his brains in order, collecting his ideas, &c. &c., to meet the uproar which awaits him here. In days of old there was some care to be taken in approaching a coast; there were soundings to be made, charts were examined, and the telescope was more than hourly elevated to descry, if possible, some far glimpse of "Home, sweet home." Not so at present. A ship may be very sure she is a goodly distance from shore as long as only herself is in the water; for long before lightness or blue hills are visible, her tormentors are on the alert, and forth sally a whole navy of that venturesome small fry yclept "news-boats."—Then again comes the tug of war. Ten questions to one answer—mail-bags here and letters there—and a tax-general laid on the memory of the unfortunate captain and passengers for all they ever heard or saw. Each one tells a different story—some only half an one—for the "news-boats" have no time to spare on particulars. All in confusion and clatter—and in the midst of it off push the little fry, and steer like "neck or nothing" for Long Island. Horses there take the precious burden, and such of them as are not killed on the road deposit it on the north side of the island, and thence its last step is taken to the printing-offices. Editors, pressmen, compositors, devils—all stand ready, with pen and type, to pounce upon it without delay. No time to part truth from falsehood, or the probable from the impossible—print it all: two, three, four, o'clock, A.M.—no chance for sleep; and by five the carriers are flying round in all directions.

Four years suffice to kill a journeyman; and twice four years more sees a rival newspaper establishment, with a little more capital, a news-boat that can get a little further out to sea, a press that can strike off sheets a little faster, a carrier that can run sixteen knots an hour—and the hitherto prosperous concern groans, gasps, and dies.

MISCELLANEA

The *Bulletin Universel des Sciences*, after an interval of eight months, has at length recommenced publishing. The February number has just appeared, and the successive numbers are to follow once a fortnight till the current month is arrived at.

The picture of the "28th July 1830 at the Hotel de Ville," is shortly to be removed from the Paris Diorama, and will no doubt be exhibited in London. A view of Mont Blanc from the village of Chamouny, is to replace it.

National Education.—The French are veritably the advanced guard on the march of intellect of Europe. The Ministers of Public Instruction have sent circulars to all the rectors of the Universities, detailing the plan to be followed, in order that every individual in the nation may receive the elements of primary instruction. Books, calculated for the use of all classes of children, are forthwith to be sent for distribution into all the departments, that no one may be without the means of acquiring knowledge; they are to be given to the poor, and sold at a low price to those who so require them. The rural districts, and the Jewish schools, are particularly mentioned, and the works proper for the latter have been the choice of the Central Consistory of

that persuasion—a fine example of religious freedom. Five hundred thousand copies of the first elementary work are to be distributed throughout France! The good work commences this month; and may it be prosperous as all desire.

Minstrel Honours.—The late King of Wurtemberg conferred a diploma of nobility on the celebrated German poet, Matthiessen, who died a few months ago, and directed that he should bear for his armorial coat, a golden harp with plumed wings on a blue field; and that the helmet for his crest should be crowned with a Pegasus—a white horse with wings.

Mexican Honey-bees.—Henry Perrine, Consul for the United States at Campeachy, has sent to New York a hive of stingless bees, from Yucatan, in Mexico, to ascertain if these useful insects can be "acclimated,"—a new and not a bad word, for which we are indebted to brother Jonathan.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. & Mon.	Max. Min.	Noon.		
Th. 10	53 37	30.22	W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 11	50 42	30.18	N.W.	Ditto.
Sat. 12	56 46	Stat.	N.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 13	52 29	29.95	N.W.	Ditto.
Mon. 14	46 31	29.69	W.	Rain, &c.
Tues. 15	44 29	29.29	W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 16	45 26	28.90	W.	Snow, &c.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—The principal Memoirs in the forthcoming volume of The Annual Biography and Obituary, will be those of Sir R. Cavendish Spencer, Henry Mackenzie, Esq.; Brigadier-Gen. Walker (Bombay Army); R. W. Elliston, Esq.; Sir W. Johnstone Hope; Archdeacon Parkinson; Lord Viscount Torrington; John Jackson, Esq. R.A.; Lieut.-Governor Browell; John Abernethy, Esq.; Mrs. Siddons; Sir Edward Berry; Dr. Mackie; Rev. Robert Hall; Sir Murray Maxwell; Thomas Hope, Esq.; Earl of Dundonald; Archdeacon Churton; Mr. N. T. Carrington; Sir Joseph Sydney Yorke; William Roscoe, Esq.; Charles Goring, Esq.; Rear-Admiral Walker; Andrew Strahan, Esq.; Earl of Northesk; W. Hamper, Esq.; James Northcote, Esq. R.A.; Thomas Grottores; Earl of Norbury; Captain Peter Heywood, R.N.; Mr. Chessher, &c.

Luther's Table-talk, consisting of Select Passages from the Familiar Conversations of Dr. Martin Luther. Select Essays on Various Topics, Religious and Moral, by Henry Belgrave, D.D.

History of the Peninsular War, by Robert Southey, LL.D., 4to. Vol. III. and last.

The Edifices of Palladio, consisting of Plans, Sections, and Elevations, from drawings and measurements taken at Vicenza and Venice, by F. Arundell.

A new edition, with portrait, of De Foe's *History of the Plague*.

Observations made during a Twelve Years' Residence in a Mussulman's Family in India, by Mrs. Meer Hasan Ali.

The Unknown Tongue!—or the Rev. E. Irving arranged before the Bar of the Scriptures and found Guilty.

Just published.—The *Algerines*; or, the Twins of Naples, 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Hope's Essay on the Diseases of the Heart, &c., 8vo., 1l. 1s.—Threlwall's Thoughts on Affliction, 18mo. 3s.—Turtin's British Shells, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Stewart's Visit to the South Seas, 2 vols. sm. 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Mémoires de Mad. la Duchesse D'Abrantes, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.—Village Rhymes, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Love's Offering for 1832, 9s.—Thucydides, from the Text of Bekker, 8vo. 14s.—Cavendish; or, the Patrician at Sea, 3 vols. sm. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Caducau, a Musical Annual for 1832, 4to. 12s.—The Town and Country Brewery Book, 4s.—Gooch's Compendium of Midwifery, 12mo. 7s.—Hall on the Circulation of the Blood, 8vo. 9s.—The Child's Annual, 8s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We are compelled to defer our notice of several works: the new political novel of 'The Cabal,' the first volume of which has been kindly sent to us in sheets—Fables by Mary Collins—The Chant of the Cholera, &c., and many others.

Zeta's paper is clever, but it is personal. G. also has misunderstood our feeling on this subject. All we have said respecting the 'Cabinet Cyclopaedia' has been with reluctance, and against our personal feeling. We are, however, obliged by the facts: he will hear of them again, if D. is in error.

Scrutator can hardly suppose we would prefer such a charge (respecting the engraving) without his name.

We have hitherto sadly neglected our Correspondents, both public and private; increasing resources promise increasing leisure, and hereafter we hope to be more punctual.

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Issue Plasters and Pess
Juniper's Essence of Peppermint
Macassar and Rosin Oil
Moxon's Magnesian Aperient
Oxley's Essence of Ginger
Pain Expeller, &c.
Solomon's Balm of Gilead, &c.
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Nov. 13, 1831.

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